VOL. CCXXV, No. 2935
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Volume CCXXV No. 2935

The SPHERE, London, June 30, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN REVIEWS THE GRENADIER GUARDS—AT THE TERCENTENARY PARADE AT WINDSOR HER MAJESTY TURNS TO SPEAK WITH COLONEL SIR THOMAS BUTLER, LIEUT.-COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT: On the far side of the Queen is General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Regiment. In addition to the serving men of the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battalions, there were over 1,000 members of the regimental Comrades' Association on parade. The 1st Battalion had returned from Germany for the occasion.

The Queen's review of the Grenadier Guards in the Home Park of Windsor Castle last week-end formed part of the Regiment's celebrations of the tercentenary of its foundation as the Royal Regiment of Guards in 1656. Her Majesty was attended by General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Regiment, and the parade was under the command of Colonel Sir Thomas Butler. The 2nd and 3rd Battalions, all three battalion corps of drums, and the regimental band were in scarlet and bearskins, but the men of the 1st Battalion, who had been given special leave from Germany, were in battledress.

When the Regiment was ready for review, the Queen, with the senior officers, carried out her inspection which began with the khaki-clad Queen's Company. Then followed the march past in column of companies with the 1,000 members of the Comrades' Association bringing up the rear. The Regiment then resumed post in review order and advanced to give a Royal salute, and the parade closed with the order "remove head-dress" to cheer the Queen. The new march "The First Guards," composed by Sir Arthur Bliss in honour of the tercentenary, was played during the parade.

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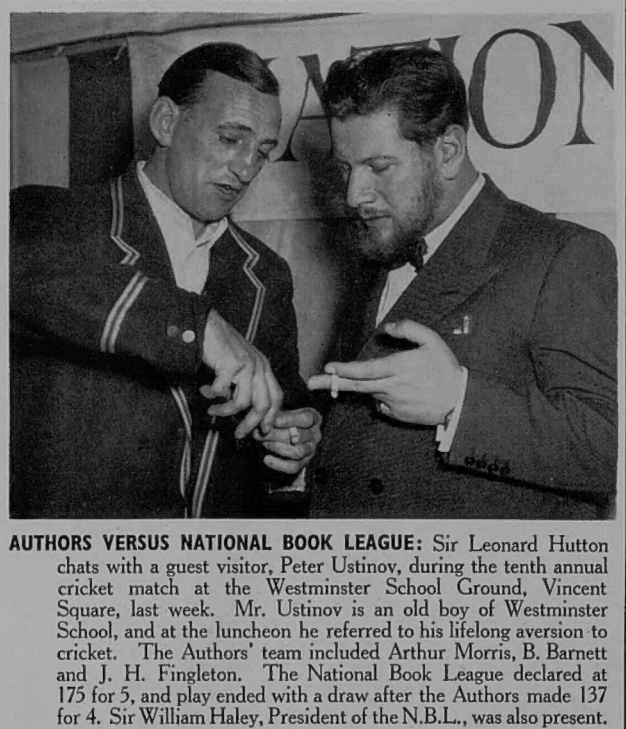
LIBYA'S PREMIER IN LONDON

THE FOREIGN SECRETARY RECEIVES THE PREMIER OF LIBYA: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd greets Mustapha Ahmed ben Halim, who is over here for talks with the British Government. During his week's stay in this country, "matters of common interest" will be discussed. The British 10th Armoured Division is stationed in Libya, and the Americans have an air base there. Under the treaty of 1953, Britain contributes £3,750,000 a year to Libya for "economic development and budgetary assistance." The Americans lease their base for about £700,000 per annum.

A VISIT TO COGNAC

MRS. NUGENT AT COGNAC: The wife of the Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture samples the brandy of the House of Martell at Cognac. Mr. G. H. R. Nugent and Mrs. Nugent were touring the famous vineyards of the district. From left to right are : Mrs. Nugent, M. Dulin, French Minister of Agriculture, and M. Maurice Martell. Mr. and Mrs. Nugent spent a week in France visiting agricultural and scientific institutions and farms at the invitation of M. Dulin. Their tour included a visit to Dijon and the Burgundy wine-growing area.

A LITERARY CRICKET MATCH



AUTHORS VERSUS NATIONAL BOOK LEAGUE: Sir Leonard Hutton chats with a guest visitor, Peter Ustinov, during the tenth annual cricket match at the Westminster School Ground, Vincent Square, last week. Mr. Ustinov is an old boy of Westminster School, and at the luncheon he referred to his lifelong aversion to cricket. The Authors' team included Arthur Morris, B. Barnett and J. H. Fingleton. The National Book League declared at 175 for 5, and play ended with a draw after the Authors made 137 for 4. Sir William Haley, President of the N.B.L., was also present.

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Trinidad Oil—The Government, after all, did not take long to make up its mind about the Trinidad oilfield deal. It gave its decision through Mr. Macmillan, who perhaps was encouraged when the dying whispers about "betrayal," "hands off the Commonwealth" and "sacrificing a colony to the almighty dollar" became almost inaudible as second thoughts and stark facts began to exert influence. Mr. Macmillan hedged the Government's consent with such "safeguards" as appeared reasonable and workable, and the Texas company is likely to accept them generally. Registration in Trinidad is one of them, and it should mitigate the charge that the deal is a sale of human beings rather than of assets. The ugliest inescapable fact, which no second thoughts can modify, remains that the deal will enable American interests to capture from Britain a bigger slice of the big British market for petrol. But other inescapable facts are ugly enough. The British Government is losing its hold on the Commonwealth every day. It is losing its overseas holds. Trinidad is on the way to self-government. If it favours American control and American money to develop its oil resources, there is nothing for the British Government to do but to bow and look pleasant. Every nation is on the way to, if it has not won, independence. We bow and look pleasant (and encouraged a high official to walk behind Nasser's car of triumph) over our booting from Suez. We expect to lose our bases all the world over and regret the loss of our assets and investments. We are writing off dead losses every month of every year—and why? Because we have lost faith in our destiny, because "craven fears of being great" have obtruded on government after government. Because we are economically too weak to retain such Commonwealth investments as we need or to develop by investment those backward areas of the Commonwealth or the world which are forced to seek their independence as the best means of developing their resources in the richest fields that offer. The British taxpayer is cruelly taxed, but he is certainly not prepared to suffer a decline in his own standard of living in order to enable the backward nations of the Commonwealth or outside to develop their resources under British management. The truth is often bitter and often slow to emerge. This Trinidad-Texan deal pulls out a large and bitter pill and Britain must swallow it.

THE WIGHTMAN CUP RETURNS TO AMERICA

AMERICAN WOMEN WIN AGAIN: For the twenty-third time the Wightman Cup goes to the American women's tennis team. Happily in possession of the cup are, from left to right, Mrs. Dorothy Knode, Mrs. Beverley Baker Fleitz, Miss Louise Brough and Miss Shirley Fry. The final score was : United States five games, Britain two. England have won the cup on only four occasions, and not since 1930. Miss S. J. Bloomer and Miss Angela Mortimer won their matches against Mrs. Knode and Miss Fry. The American team was not so strong as in some recent years. The British women's standard of play has noticeably improved.

Freedom Round the Corner.—The policy of the Socialists has long needed a new look and the first peep of the new model has been granted. It naturally arouses interest, and interest evokes criticism. At first sight, it does not appear to be a new model. It is a new look of an old model. The old tarnished ribbons have been furbished up, the flounces have been titivated but the basic material remains, and all the millinery reappears under prettier names. The new look has been done on the cheap. Nationalisation has long ceased to be a popular word. It has become a word of fear. "Common ownership" is more attractive. It suggests that you and I are shareholders, with shareholding perquisites; not merely customers of the business compelled to buy its products whatever the cost, in order to provide for its rent and rates and overhead. It is not certain that by the mere change of a label you can turn a bankrupt concern into a paying proposition. But still the Socialists pin their faith and policy on the old specific under its prettier name and intend, perhaps in subsequent instalments of the new charter, to persuade us that nationalisation will increase our personal freedom, once the Socialists have set about the nationalised boards and "humanised" them with the common touch and knocked the bureaucratic tyranny out of them. Somehow or other this new "common ownership," when accomplished, has to be squared with increased personal liberty, though ("to be frank") the extension of "personal freedom of all as members of the community" may result here and there in "the impinging on individuals' liberties." What 's in a word's worth, when a pamphlet has to be filled with words? Broadly, however, you must take it on trust that, when Labour rules again, tyranny will soon be dead. No more bureaucratic tyrants, no more subhuman bosses in private or public industry above the law, and, except for a proportion of impinged individual liberties, personal freedom for all as members of the community will follow. The only tyrants not to be liquidated, the only bosses still free to boss, will be the trades unions and the "workers." The Socialists find special reasons, political and economic, for not including them in their new Reform Bill. One of the reasons why I am opposed to increasing the salaries of Members of Parliament is my resentment at their undisguised contempt for the intelligence of the electorate. The Socialists' new model does not suggest that they themselves deserve to ask Dior prices.

"The New Society."—The new society in England is no doubt an interesting subject for study and speculation, and quite a complicated subject, too. But it is a study in microcosm compared with that of the new society in the international field, with its modern leaders and hierarchy. It looks as if a team of new leaders are calling themselves in to redress the debit balance left by the old world. In the Middle East, in particular, taking first things first. It is forecast that Nehru, Tito and Nasser, on Nehru's initiative, are to meet at Brioni in the near future to see what they can do in this line. By that time, Nehru, returned from America, will be an expert on U.S.A. policy and on Commonwealth policy after attending the Commonwealth Conference in London. Tito will be well posted in U.S.S.R. policy, and Nasser, too, will have been briefed by Mr. Shepilov. Nehru, Tito and Nasser, therefore, all of them "non-involvement" men, may get together at Brioni to thrash out a common policy, with the U.S.S.R. behind them, which may tidy up this particular plague spot. Let us hope they exaggerate the extent of the bankruptcy of Western ideas and policy, and that Nehru may before Brioni revise his view that America is chiefly concerned in self-defence and President-making, and Britain in balancing her domestic budget and in trying still to make the old methods of "imperialism" save something from the wreck of her once proud Empire. The new aristocracy in British society, the new hierarchy in the new towns, are interesting subjects to investigate. The ranking of the international hierarchy and the seeding of the modern Great Powers, are even more interesting studies. Certainly there is work to be done by men and by nations with dusters and brooms and urgent work, too. And necessity makes strange bedfellows and brings up unexpected Admirable Crichtons. Upon what meat has this (and that) our Cæsar fed that he has grown so great? Who would have thought even a year ago to rank Nasser among the big three?

Garter Ceremony.—In what has come to be known alas! as "Queen's weather," the historic Garter ceremony took place before a sympathetic crowd in Windsor Castle. The robes of the Garter, unlike those of the Thistle, are unbecoming, even when the day is windless, and especially to women, though the Queen carried them off superbly. The Knights of the Order, into whose ranks once more *one* Socialist has been drawn, marched or tottered with dignity to the door of St. George's, and perhaps some of the watchers felt glad that here is a gesture by the Sovereign to disregard "craven fears of being great" or, at any rate, of having once been a great and dignified nation. Our far-flung Empire melts away, on dune and headland sink

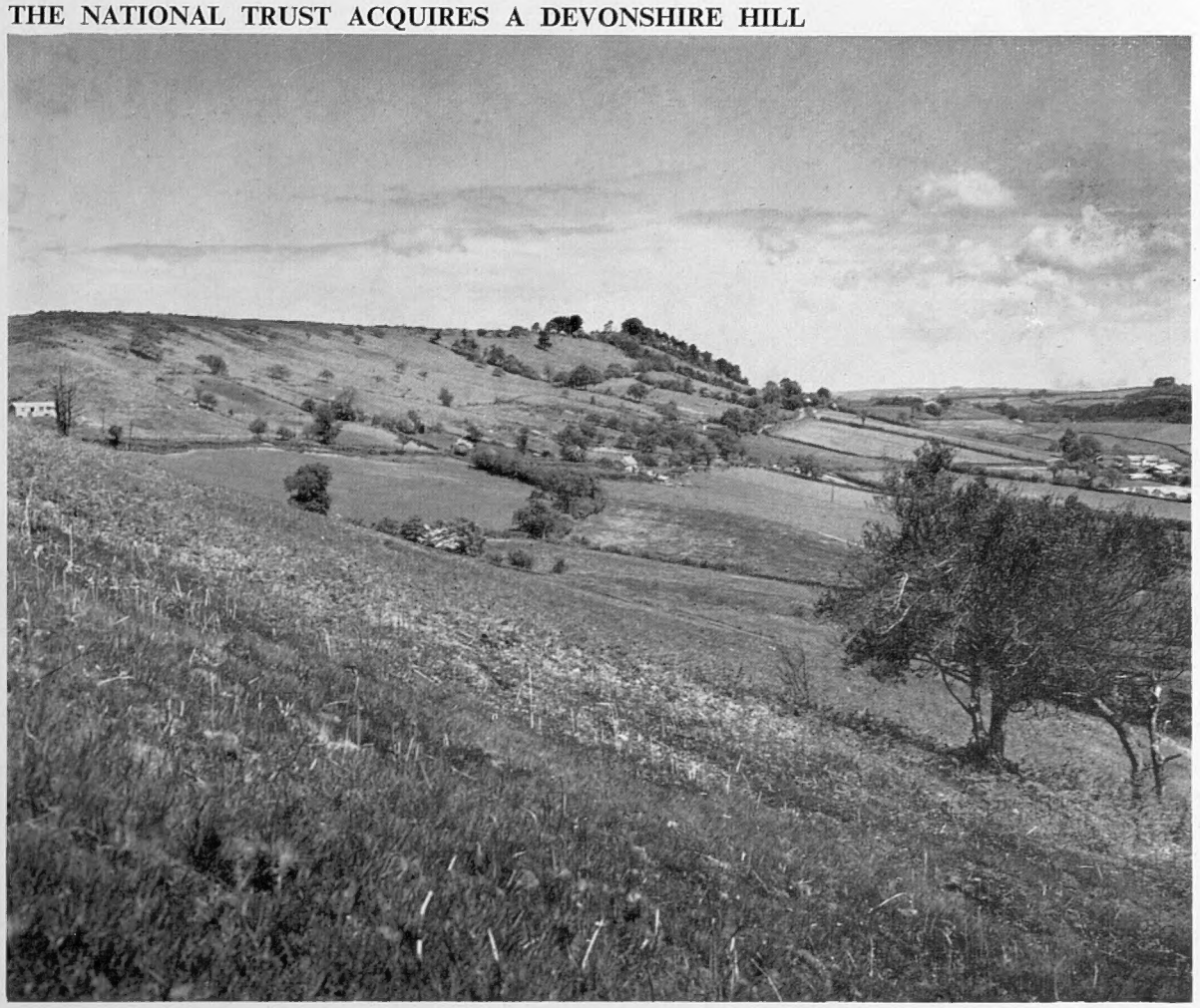
the fires of our pride. Surrender and appeasement are the order of the day . . . but, dash it all, we once ran the hell of a show. And if this Garter business, in these days of " equality and democracy," is a museum-piece, let us at least support our national museums and not be ashamed or self-conscious about our great traditions. Those who ingenuously believe in the new equality and democracy, if such there be, may be puzzled by this ceremony and by the whole set-up of Royal Ascot, but I expect they see in it the fine Royal gesture I suggest, and applaud it. After all, if the " workers " have had their whack these twenty years, and if the middle classes have been ground to dust in the process, it is at least something that the upper class should enjoy their week of limelight and privilege.

" Plus je Vois les Hommes. . . ."—The age of the machine provides us with a startling come-back by the horse. The children are mad about riding, the pony clubs multiply. Horse shows and dressage are the chief thrills of society, and the Royal Family's recreation No. 1 is racing and all that concerns horses and ponies. Wherever the farmers are not too discouraging, even hunting staggers on, though the cost of it restricts the fields, and the " regular " must be able to command resources which seem to laugh at Chancellor Locksmith. And racing goes on its way as merrily as ever, with the chances of the weather its chief enemy. It is still the national game, still the sport of kings. And a very mixed crowd of patrons are drawn to the race-course. Some drive down it in State with outriders, some stand in privileged enclosures in the loveliest clothes, some honest men throng the far side, and as many more " follow the crowd " without any interest in the animals. And cheek by jowl with them, in the silver rings and along the rails, stand and circulate a whole race of men whose livelihood is found in the shades and slums and by-ways of racing, the shady fraternity, the race-gangs who pursue vendettas for the division of the illicit spoils, with knives and broken glass. Sometimes, after Goodwood, I am brought face to face with some of these gentry, they in the dock, I on the Bench. They are a race apart. Their language needs an interpreter; the race jargon about " joints " and pitches, and so forth, is as difficult to comprehend as is the existence—unchecked until a crime is actually detected—of this alien race, who acknowledge no duty or responsibility to the nation, whose " country of origin " is any racecourse, who carry their gains in their pockets, pay no taxes, perform no useful duties, contribute nothing at all to the well-being of the State and enjoy any benefits which the fool-taxpayer provides for a Welfare State, including all the rights of British citizenship. When I observe these men at close quarters and get an insight into their way of life and manner of thought, my admiration for horses and dogs certainly increases; and always I renew my wonder at the toleration shown by the State and by all honest patrons of racecourses to this race apart, this alien gang of saboteurs who take (and destroy) what they can, and give nothing in return.

For Valour.—The Victoria Cross centenary celebrations, with the exhibition at Marlborough House and the Queen's Parade, have come and gone, and have proved the success expected in the way of public sympathy and interest. At the original proposal for a parade of valour, doubts were expressed both by V.C. holders and the public, as to the " good taste " of such an exhibition. Habits and manners of thought have changed since then; publicity is all, and the doubts have long been dissipated. Of all the high honours the Sovereign can bestow, the Victoria Cross still stands first in rank, first for admiration, most to be envied, never sullied. True, I suppose, that as many heroic deeds have gone unrewarded by the bestowal of the Cross as those which won it. To that extent only, there was " luck in the draw." True, too, that the extent of courage, alike in duration and degree, have been stepped up as war after war brought new terrors to be faced, unknown and untried in earlier wars. Always these new terrors have found the men to comprehend them and scorn them, and indeed so many such men that the standards of qualification have quite certainly stiffened. The fact remains—a glorious exception in the sometimes dingy history of honours and rewards—that no amount of publicity, pull or backstairs influence can achieve that honour, and that those who have won it have risen above cavil and suspicion by the envious. Others may have deserved it, but those who hold the Cross hold universal respect and admiration for courage so far above the ordinary as to silence envious tongues. This great honour is indeed unique—perhaps only the Order of Merit can claim some of its integrity—in that it has never been over-minted, never been " touted for " (give or take) and never been bestowed, at any rate, in living memory, on a doubtful case. Any instance of integrity in our national institutions deserves recognition, and to-day when the victories of peace are regarded as more rare, more desirable and renowned than those of war, there is no less need for courage of the highest order, no loss of gratitude and admiration for those who made war glorious by deeds of heroism which more than half redeem its countless bestialities.

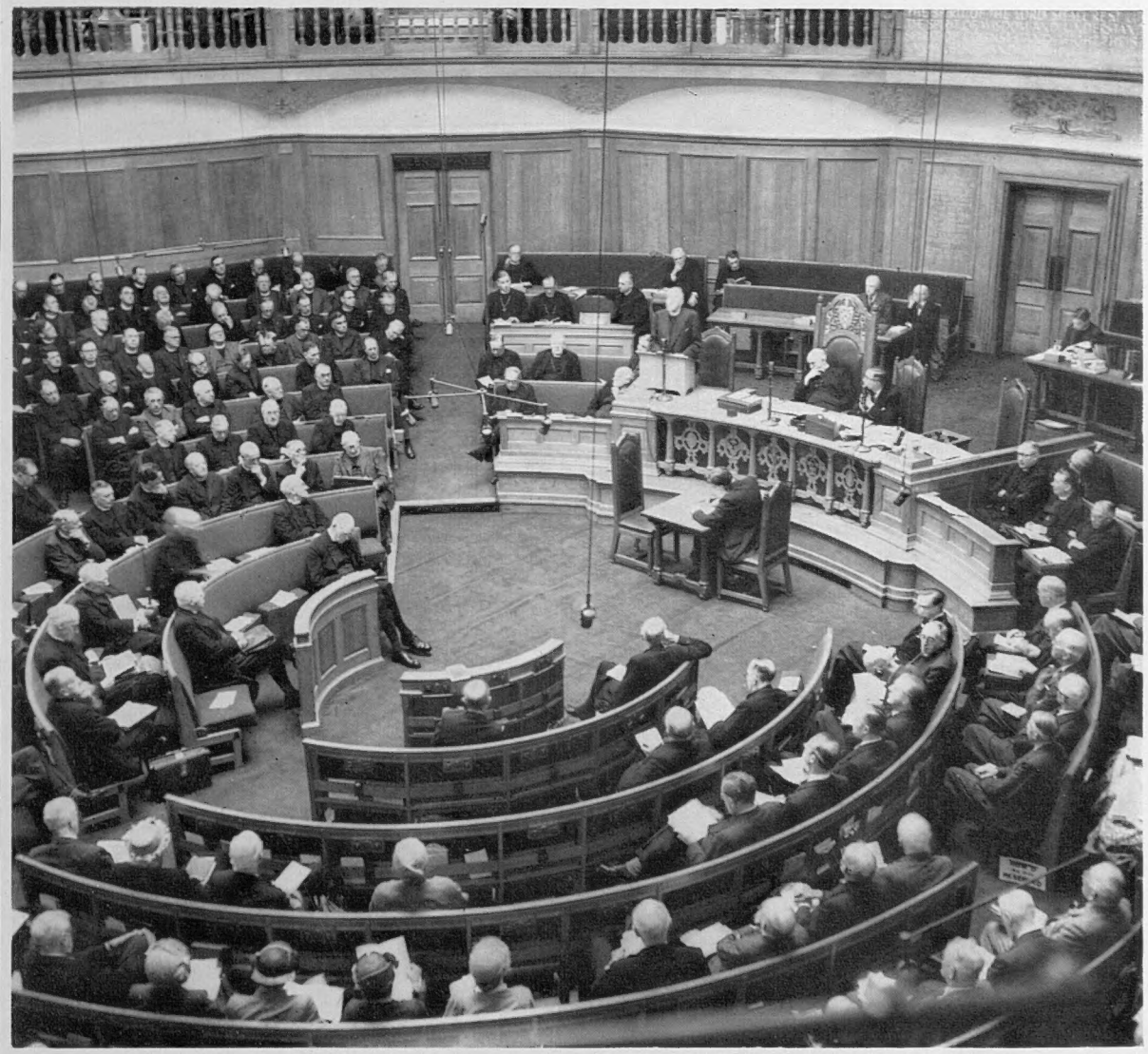
THE OLD STAGER

THE NATIONAL TRUST ACQUIRES A DEVONSHIRE HILL



LAMBERT'S CASTLE HILL, NEAR CHARMOUTH, HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATION: This view, taken from the Downs to the south, shows the length of the hill. The hill is just inside the Devonshire boundary, and has been given to the National Trust by Colonel Douglas Pass. The hill was the site of an ancient British fort (hence " Castle "), and is now the meeting-place for the Lambert's Castle race meeting, an annual event run by a local committee. A fair used to be held on the hill, but only the races remain of this. From the summit of the hill, 842 ft. above sea-level, it is possible on a clear day to see Chesil Bank and Portland Bill to the south-east, the rolling country of Dorset to the east, and to the north, over the valley of the Axe, into Somerset. The gift included Hills Farm, covering 166 acres, to which there is no public access.

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE CHURCH IN SESSION



THE FULL SESSION OF THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, is in the chair, and the new Archbishop of York is sitting just to the right of the speaker. The Diocesan Bishops are in the front rows and in the rows behind the chair; members of the House of Clergy are in the left background, and those of the House of Laity are in the foreground. After what Dr. Fisher described as " a grand debate on a matter of vital importance," the Assembly decided to ask the Church Commissioners to grant £40,000 a year for twenty-five years to enable about 2,500 church schools to retain aided status. This is a total grant of £1,000,000 towards the £3,000,000 needed. Raising the rest of the money will be the responsibility of dioceses and parishes.

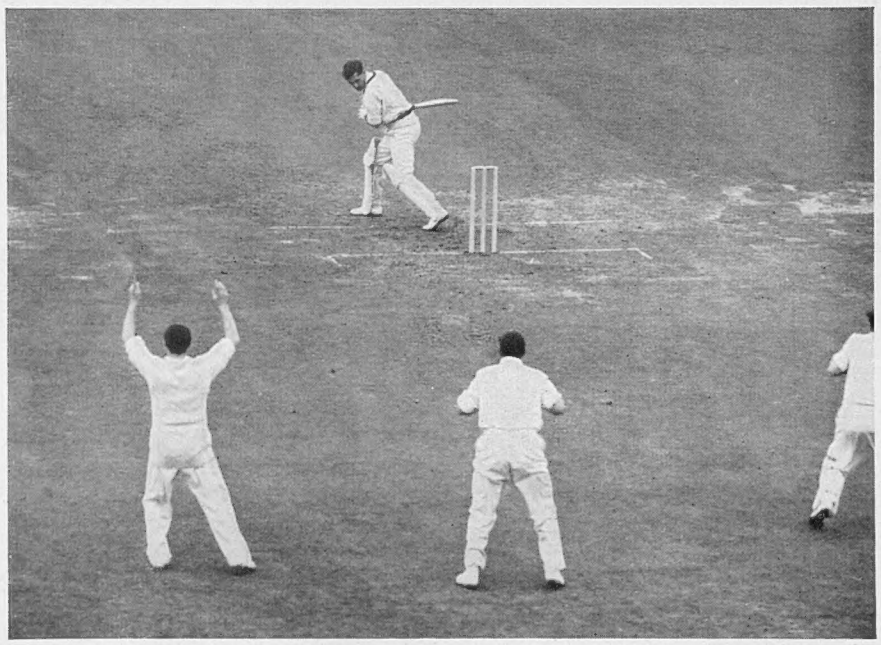
TEST MATCH AT LORD'S

Many Exciting Incidents in the Second Test Between England and Australia

It was fitting that Lord's should be the scene of the Test Match, which at stages of the play provided some of the most thrilling moments seen in cricket between England and Australia for many years. In particular, few spectators are likely to forget the third day, last Saturday. Australia had won the toss and batted first. The innings was notable for the opening partnership of 137 between McDonald and Burke, Australia's best opening since Woodfull and Ponsford put on 159 together twenty-six years ago. However, the remaining Australian batsmen could only make 148 more and the side was out for 285. At the end of the second day England had 74 for three on the board, a somewhat parlous position, Cowdrey being out to an amazing catch by Benaud. But May still survived.

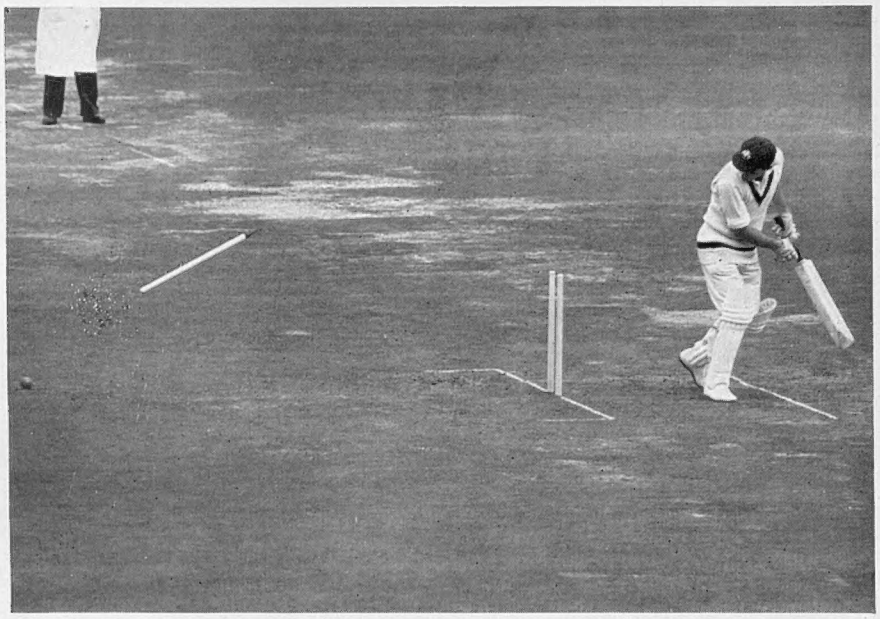
Thus began the third day. First there came a stand between May, who scored 63, and Bailey (who was in his element in a critical position such as this). But after May was out, wickets fell rapidly, Bailey alone standing firm until he was beaten by Miller for 32. But English despair turned to hope when Australia batted again. When stumps were drawn, six wickets had fallen for 115 runs. Trueman, regarded as a deputy for the injured Tyson, had taken four for 38. But on Monday Benaud, with 97, improved the position. Australia made 257, and England replying with 186 were soundly beaten.

MILLER IS BOWLED FOR 28 BY TRUEMAN IN THE FIRST INNINGS: Fielding from the right are Evans (keeping wicket), Cowdrey, Laker, Bailey, and May. Mackay is the other Australian batsman. In the Australians' second innings, Trueman also got Miller's wicket. Miller received ovations from the Lord's crowd for his batting and bowling.



A MUCH-NEEDED WICKET: Harvey is caught for a duck by Evans off Bailey in his first innings. He had come in after the opening pair, McDonald and Burke, had put on 137. However Harvey's rapid departure then swung the game temporarily in favour of England.

A BRILLIANT CATCH BY BAILEY: Harvey, with his score at 10 in his second innings, has glanced a ball from Trueman. Bailey has flung himself to his right and picked up an incredible catch. The batsman ruefully shook his head in disbelief before leaving the wicket.



AN EXPRESS DELIVERY FROM STATHAM: Burge's middle stump is knocked flying by Statham at the start of the second day's play. He had made 21 runs. When Australia batted again he scored 14 before falling to a yorker from England's other fast bowler, Trueman.

ONE OF THE PARTNERS IN AUSTRALIA'S GREAT OPENING STAND: Burke is stumped by Evans off Laker for 65. This was after he had shared with McDonald in the first innings opening partrship of 137. It was Australia's best start against England for twenty-six years.

"THE CATCH OF THE CENTURY": Benaud fielding in the gully, little more than ten paces from the wicket, topples over and holds the ball from a full-blooded drive by Cowdrey, after the batsman was well set with twenty-eight to his credit in England's first innings. No finer catch had been seen at Lord's in living memory. But next day two feats of English fielding came near to it. McDonald was brilliantly snapped up by Cowdrey and another memorable catch was when Bailey caught Harvey.

ENGLAND'S FIRST WICKET FALLS: Richardson, with his score at 9, is taken at the wicket by Langley and the fieldsmen jump in joyous appeal. Neither Australia's nor England's wicket-keepers conceded a bye in the first innings play.

ANOTHER VICTIM OF BENAUD'S FINE FIELDING: Watson, who had survived overnight, is caught off his pads for 6 by Benaud off Miller when England's first innings was continued on the third day at Lord's. The Australian captain, Johnson, is fielding on the right.

A CHANCE FOR ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN: May is dropped in the slips off Miller. He went on to make 68, the highest score in the English XI's first innings. With his dismissal England collapsed and the initiative passed for a time to Australia.

WARDLE IS OUT: Langley makes another catch to dismiss him for a duck on the third day. Apart from occasional lapses, the standard of fielding from both sides was exceptionally high and added to the thrills of the extremely exciting third day of the second Test Match at Lord's.

THE QUEEN'S PROCESSION TO THE ROYAL BOX AT ASCOT: Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh are driving in an open carriage in the ceremonial procession down the course on the first day of the 1956 Ascot. Their carriage is drawn by four Windsor Greys. The weather throughout the four-day Ascot Meeting was not particularly brilliant.

ROYAL A

The Queen and Other
Royal Family Attend

Royal Ascot this year opened with overcast skies and a good proportion of the racegoers on the first day arrived prepared for the worst, with umbrellas and raincoats. However, soon after the first of the traditional daily Royal drives in five open carriages along the new mile straight, most of the ladies decided to show their fashions and discarded their rainwear. On each of the four days the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh led the procession along the course, and they were followed by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, other members of the Royal Family and Her Majesty's guests who were staying at Windsor Castle. On each occasion they received a warm welcome from the great crowds in the stands.

On the second day there was a great cheer when the Queen won the Royal Hunt Cup with her horse, Alexander. It was a photo-finish, but Alexander, with W. H. Carr up, was declared the winner from Jaspe by half a length. Alexander had started as favourite. The next day, which was Ladies' Day, French horses scored a great success by taking the first three places in the Gold Cup. The winner was Macip, who led all the way and finished one-and-a-half lengths ahead of Bewitched III. The owner of Macip is M. Boussac, and this was his fourth Gold Cup win. He received the congratulations of the Queen.

A SECTION OF THE VAST CROWD IN THE PADDOCK: This view was taken on the first day when a good percentage of the racegoers carried umbrellas. After the Royal drive many ladies, noting the absence of wraps among the Royal party, discarded their own raincoats.

THE ROYAL DRIVE ON THE THIRD DAY: Gold Cup Day, and for the occasion hat with pink and white-plaited

THE ROYAL BOX ON THE FIRST DAY: Massed in front of the Royal grandstand is the traditional display of blue hydrangeas. Before the race for the St. James's Palace Stakes the Queen, with the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, left the box and walked through the crowds to see her horse, High Veldt, being saddled. He came fourth of the six runners.

On left—

THE GOLD CUP GOES TO FRANCE: The finish of the race on the third day at Ascot, showing M. Boussac's Macip winning from two other French horses, Bewitched III (No. 5) and Clichy (No. 13).

ASCOT

Members of the the Four-day Meeting

Additionally this is Ladies' Day and the Queen chose a simple small white ribbon. Her dress was white and pink.

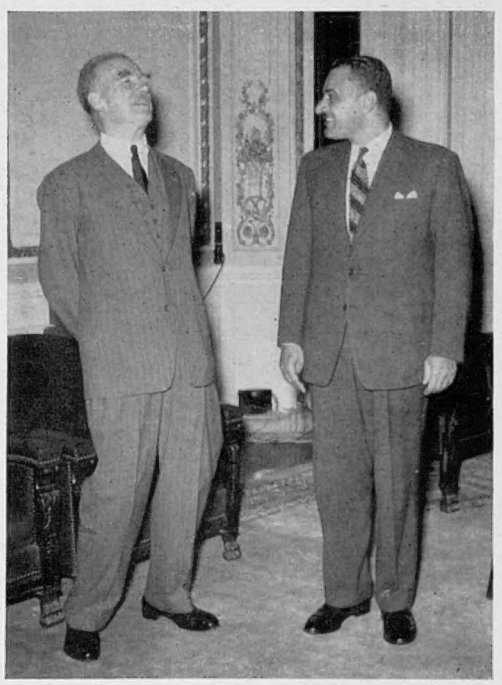
A WIN FOR THE QUEEN: Her Majesty is congratulated in the paddock after her horse, Alexander, had won the Royal Hunt Cup on the second day of the Ascot Meeting. Standing with the Queen are Captain C. Boyd-Rochfort, her trainer, and (half-turned to the camera) Captain C. Moore, Her Majesty's racing manager. This was the second time that the Queen had won the Royal Hunt Cup.

MIDDLE-EAST REPORT

Egyptian Celebrations and a Cabinet Reshuffle in Israel

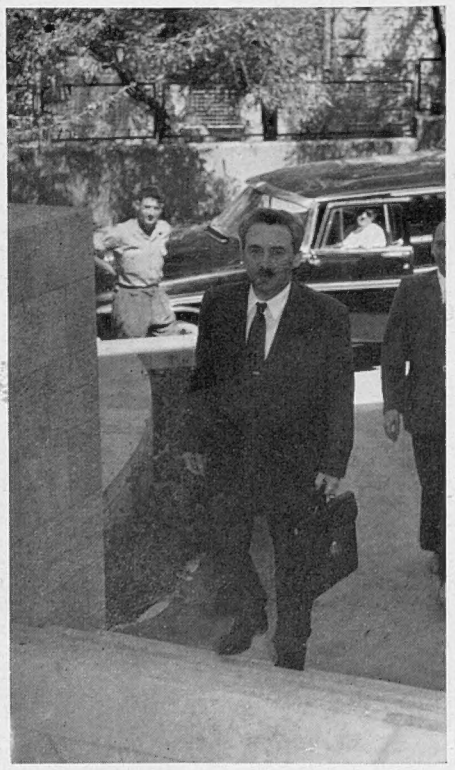
The final evacuation of British troops from the Canal Zone has been marked, particularly in Cairo, with parades and festivities all over the country. Following the hoisting of the national flag over Navy House, in Port Said, by Colonel Nasser, the signal for the opening of the celebrations, an official banquet was attended by the visiting Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. Shepilov, and many of the Arab princes who had come to Cairo for the ceremonies. The occasion was also marked by a special military parade of mammoth proportions, lasting over four hours, in which the latest Egyptian acquisitions in the way of arms from Communist countries was on display. Among the armoured vehicles which passed the saluting base were about 100 Czech armoured troop-carrying vehicles, 100 T34 Russian medium tanks and a *pièce de résistance* of about 30 Joseph Stalin tanks of imposing size and power. On the saluting base with Colonel Nasser and Mr. Shepilov was General Sir Brian Robertson, former Commander of the Middle East Land Forces.

An event of equal importance in the Middle East has been the resignation of Mr. Moshe Sharett, who has been Foreign Minister of Israel since the establishment of the State in 1948. His successor, Mrs. Golda Myerson, was Minister of Labour.



EGYPT CELEBRATES THE WITHDRAWAL OF BRITISH TROOPS: Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, the Egyptian Prime Minister, was mobbed by enthusiastic crowds after he had hoisted the national flag over Navy House, in Port Said, to mark the final evacuation of British troops from Egyptian soil. In a short ceremony the British flag, which has flown over the house for seventy-four years, was replaced by that of Egypt. *On left*—Colonel Nasser attends a banquet held to mark the final evacuation. From left to right are—Dimitri Shepilov, the Soviet Minister for Foreign Affairs; Prince Hassan, the Crown Prince of Morocco; the Egyptian Premier; and Prince Fahd Saud of Saudi Arabia. *On right*—Sir Brian Robertson, former Commander of the British Middle East Land Forces, meets Colonel Nasser at the Presidency. Sir Brian was invited to the celebrations in a private capacity.

CABINET CHANGES IN ISRAEL: Mr. Moshe Sharett, former Foreign Minister of Israel, speaks from the rostrum during the last meeting of the Israeli Cabinet before he announced the news of his resignation. On the right, below the empty chair, is the white-headed figure of Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister.



THE FORMER FOREIGN MINISTER AND HIS SUCCESSOR: *Above, on left*—Mr. Moshe Sharett arrives at the Premier's offices in Jerusalem for a meeting with Mr. Ben-Gurion at which his resignation was discussed. *Above, on right*—Mrs. Golda Myerson, the former Labour Minister, enters the Prime Minister's offices just before she succeeded Mr. Sharett as Foreign Minister. She was arriving to have talks with Mr. Ben-Gurion and with her predecessor. Although no specific reasons were given for Mr. Moshe Sharett's resignation, neither by the Prime Minister nor by himself, it seems probable that the differences which have been growing between the two over the past months, when tension has been high, have suddenly come to a head due to a proposed change of foreign policy unacceptable to one or the other.

MR. TRUMAN IN THE SHELDONIAN THEATRE: Lord Halifax, Chancellor of Oxford University, congratulates the former President of the United States after admitting him to the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law. The "Encaenia" held in the Sheldonian Theatre also witnessed the admittance of five other distinguished people to honorary degrees, including Mr. John Christie, C.H., the founder of Glyndebourne. Mr. Truman was warmly applauded during the ceremony by the 1,200 people in the Theatre. He was also given a warm reception by the crowds lining the pavements when he walked in the Chancellor's procession from New College. The Chancellor referred to him in his speech as "most staunch of allies, direct in your speech and in your writings, and ever a pattern of simple courage." Mrs. Truman and the United States Ambassador, Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, were both present in the Sheldonian Theatre when the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law was conferred.

MR. TRUMAN AT OXFORD

The University Confers Upon Him the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Civil Law

DOCTOR AND CHANCELLOR: Lord Halifax, the Chancellor of the University, shakes hands with Mr. Truman after the ceremony in the Sheldonian. Later, the former President and his wife attended a garden party in their honour in New College.

THE FORMER PRESIDENT AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER: Mr. Truman meets Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the Opposition, at the Pilgrims' Dinner held in his honour at the Savoy. Behind is Lord Halifax, who proposed the toast of the American visitor.

A VENETIAN COURTYARD: Many of the interior courtyards belonging to the old houses, like this one, are never seen except by those who live within their bounds. Outside, the tourists crowd the piazzas and the canals, but seldom penetrate inside the real heart of the city, an area of narrow alleys and fantastic bridges.

BETWEEN THE CANALS: The narrow "portegho" is the link between the squares and canals networks. Shadows and Silence provide a contrast to the splendour around the corner.

THE UNKNOWN CANALS OF VENICE: Few visitors find their way to this narrow canal in the heart of the city. The house-fronts seem ready to fall at any moment into the water, which is always cluttered with the comings and goings of busy people. The Grand Canal has its charm, but so have these waterways.

LESSER-KNOWN VENICE

Some of the Houses and Corners of Venice Seldom Seen by the Thousands of Visitors who Pass Through the City

Venice, "the Pearl of the Adriatic," has another face beside the glittering one of wide piazzas and soaring towers familiar to its visitors. It is one equally beautiful but less well known and on a different scale. Away from the Grand Canal, through the little alleyways that lead off from the crowded squares, is the real heart of Venice. Along the edges of the narrow canals that thread the city are the houses of the people who live and work there, the boatyards, workshops and private museums that form the fantastic panorama of architecture which only the Venetian really sees. It is a world of crowding houses and hunchbacked bridges, threaded with little passages and sudden corners, which possesses a charm all the more personal and vivid for having the unmistakable air of being lived in.

On left—
THE OLD GHETTO: In the Middle Ages, when the Jews were persecuted in Venice, this wall was the boundary of the Jewish quarter. In those days the old wooden bridge was not in existence and the width of the canal separated the Ghetto from the Christian quarters of the city.

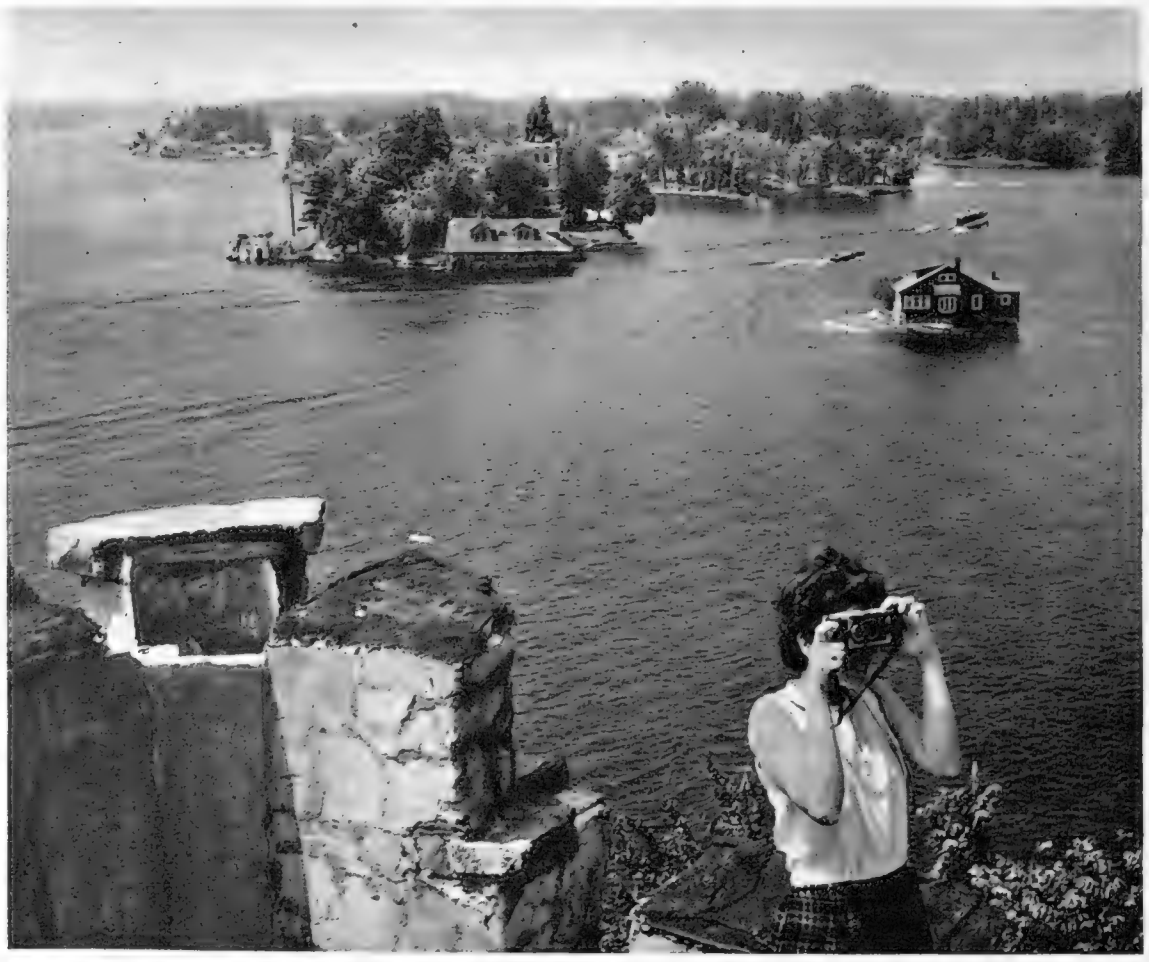
THE WAY INTO THE CITY: To enter Venice by gondola from outside one must either be towed by motor-boat or hire two such men as these to pull the small boat into the city.

BOATS AND BOATYARDS: The "squero," or boatyard, is always busy in Venice, for the wear and tear on the many types of craft is very high. A new gondola costs over £300, and rather than pay this most of the boatmen prefer to use those that have already been in service many years. There are few canal branches which do not have one of these boatyards tucked away in some corner. *Below*—The beauty of the city is around every corner, with contrasts ranging between the grand and the simple.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE : A cargo-vessel passes two small motor-boats taking sightseers down the St. Lawrence waterway in the region of the Thousand Islands. Boat tours are the most important side of the tourist industry in this area during the summer months. Many of the islands they visit are so small they are scarcely above water, whereas others are several square miles in area. These pictures were taken during the high water level of the St. Lawrence in spring.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

An Archipelago in the St. Lawrence is To-day One of the Most Popular Resorts in North America



THE SUMMER TOURISTS : The archipelago of wooded islands strung along 50 or 60 miles of the Upper St. Lawrence River has been a renowned beauty spot since the end of the nineteenth century, but it is only since the advent of the motor-car that the district has become a Mecca for summer tourists of every nationality.

HEART ISLAND : A small craft full of sightseers passes Heart George Boldt. On the left is an ornate cargo landing and imitation Rhine schloss on the island for his wife but it

From the point where the St. Lawrence River leaves Lake Ontario on its way past Montreal and Quebec to the sea, to more than 40 miles down the great waterway, is an area modestly called the Thousand Islands—modestly, for in fact there are nearly 2,000 in the archipelago, three-fifths of them in Canada and the remainder in the United States. Some of the islands are very small, some barely above the level of the water with their size measured in square feet, but others are many square miles in area. A great number of them are owned by the authorities on each side of the river, but many are private property. One or two of the islands are occupied by great "castles," or their remains, but the majority hold simple holiday chalets and huts. One is so small that the cottage standing on it fills the entire surface space.

Since the late decades of the nineteenth century the Thousand Islands region has been a renowned summer resort of natural beauty, with its own particular blend of woods, water and sky. But it is only since the time of the First World War and the advent of the motor-car that the area has been opened to the tourist and city sight-seer. Before that it was a millionaire's playground, as the imitation castles and pavilions on some of the islands bear mute witness to-day. On Heart Island there stands the remains of a Rhine schloss which a Chicago millionaire built for his wife but never finished. To-day it stands empty and derelict, its exterior still presenting a brave sight, but the interior a shambles of fallen plaster, smashed windows and tottering staircases. The bare rooms have their walls covered with the pencil and lipstick writings of many thousands of tourists.

The islands include a federal park, occupying the areas of eleven of them. At one time all the islands on Canada's side of the border belonged to the Federal Government, but the authorities have since disposed of most of them. One of the area's claims to fame is its possession of two unique bridges. The first of these is the Thousand Island Bridge, seven miles long, connecting

THE NETWORK OF LAKE AND RIVER: The Thousand Islands lie in the St. Lawrence in the narrow bottleneck made as the river leaves Lake Ontario on its way past Montreal and Quebec, to the wide tidal estuary and the sea.

GATEWAY TO HEART ISLAND: An arch frames an outboard motor-boat as it passes Heart Island. The name was originally "Hart Island," but its purchaser rechristened it to honour his wife.

On left—
A MILLIONAIRE'S FANTASY: Boldt Castle is a reminder of the glittering days when American millionaires used the Thousand Islands area as one of their playgrounds.

On right—
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS "FERRY": A launch makes its way to Boldt Castle. River traffic is so heavy that the police have made it a State highway.

Island, once the playground of the Chicago millionaire storage stage. The American millionaire began to build an was never finished. She died before it could be lived in.

Canada and the United States and placing its gigantic steel legs on the islands as it crosses the river. The second is a bridge only a few yards in length, which also connects the two nations, stretching between islands on each side of the border.

Through all this region flows the majestic waterway of the St. Lawrence with the steady columns of river craft of all sizes ranging from the large freighters on their way to the Government grain elevator at Prescott, Ontario, to the tiny canoes and skiffs that stud the water around the islands. The playground of the Thousand Islands for all its beauty and charm lies in a vital river artery of the Dominion.

A BASTION OF A MILLIONAIRE'S DREAM: A ruined tower of Boldt Castle stands forlornly out in the waters of the St. Lawrence. Tourist launches and cruisers pass by this point every day in the summer and regular tours of the islands run from Kingston and Ganonoque, lasting in duration from 2½ to 5 hours for the round journey.

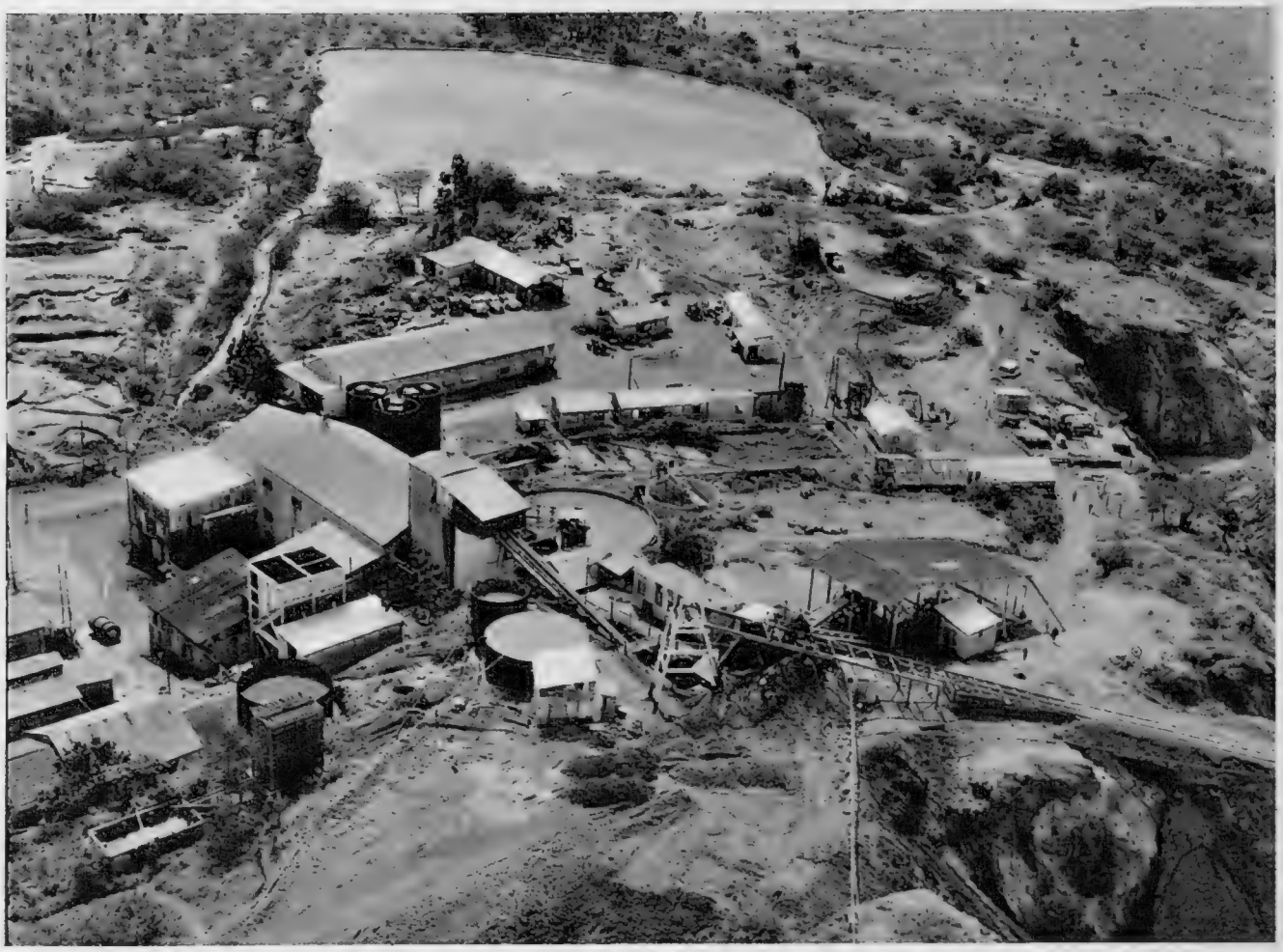
COPPER FROM KENYA

A New £2,000,000 Plant will Produce £750,000 Worth of Metals a Year

A GLEAMING silver-painted smoke-stack dominates the countryside near the shores of Lake Victoria, in Kenya's South Nyanza District. It marks the site of the Colony's first substantial base metal mining venture.

The story behind the Macalder-Nyanza Mines Ltd. is one of dogged perseverance by an early pioneer, a Canadian mining engineer, who came to the then uninhabited south-western corner of Kenya in search of copper in 1936. Mr. Willon P. Alderson was associated with the large Canadian concern which to-day mines under the name of Aldermac. He was closely connected with the start of the Hollinger gold mine, one of the largest in Canada.

When Mr. Alderson came to Africa, he came not only to look for copper, but also to shoot big game. He found the big game in plentiful quantities on his safaris in the Masai country eastward of Lake Victoria. Alderson thought he had struck a copper deposit when he staked his claim near the Kuja River, a few miles before it empties into the great African lake.



A COPPER MINE IN KENYA: This picture, taken from the top of a 200-ft. smokestack, shows the plant of the new Macalder-Nyanza copper mine, near Lake Victoria. In the right bottom corner are early workings, made by Mr. Willon P. Alderson when he mined for gold on the site twenty years ago. The plant is now controlled by the Colonial Development Corporation.

He named the property "Macalder," but soon realised that the copper would prove too difficult to extract and that mining for gold would be more profitable. He built up the plant for this purpose and successfully extracted silver from the ore as well as gold.

After several years of open-cast mining, the surface deposits became exhausted and the company ran into serious technical difficulties in trying to recover the ore below the surface.

Finally, the mine was forced to close down, but after the war an approach by the Government of Kenya to the Colonial Development Corporation proved the beginning of a new lease of life for the mine. In 1949 efforts began to rehabilitate the property, and the Corporation undertook a geological and geophysical survey. It erected a pilot plant which proved that copper, gold and silver could be all mined successfully.

Considerable capital was required and plans were drawn up for the installation of more than £2,000,000 worth of new equipment for use in treating the ore.

ORE ON ITS WAY TO THE MILL: A conveyer belt takes ore from the mine (in the background), where it is extracted at a depth of 500 ft., to the mill. Here it is crushed, and only the valuable metals separated.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW: A smaller smokestack is dwarfed by one 200 ft. high, from which this photograph was taken. The taller smokestack flies a Union Jack from its top.

AFRICANS WORK WITH MODERN MACHINERY: Two miners drill holes for blasting at the face in the underground workings of the Macalder-Nyanza Mine.

SEPARATING THE METALS: In the flotation tanks, milled ore is mixed with chemicals and violently agitated. This process brings the valuable copper, zinc, gold and lead to the surface, where it is skimmed off.

The new plant is now in operation and ore is being extracted from a depth of about 500 ft. below the surface. It is hauled up by a vertical shaft and conveyed mechanically to the mill, housed in Alderson's original but greatly expanded buildings.

Here it is milled and fed into flotation tanks, where violent agitation with chemicals and other agents brings the valuable metals to the surface for "creaming off" with paddles.

This frothy liquor is fed through shaking tables to separate the lighter copper and zinc from the heavier gold and lead content.

Technical difficulties involving the separation of the zinc from the copper are more complex from this stage onwards. Plant to achieve this process is nearing completion and it will be probably the first of its kind outside Sweden and America. It will make a substance known as "sponge iron" from pulped iron oxide obtained during the treatment of the ore, once the copper and zinc have been extracted.

The general manager of the mine, Mr. M. F. Stansmore, has visited three similar plants in America and Sweden (the only ones in the world) to study the process by which "sponge iron" is used to collect the copper and afterwards dissolve it in the copper liquor, leaving behind another substance known as "cement copper."

This will be the final product of the Macalder-Nyanza Mine. It will be shipped across Lake Victoria from nearby Mohuru Bay to the Jinja smelter, built primarily to treat copper from the Kilembe Mines in Uganda.

Gold and silver will, however, be obtained by the cyanide process from the insoluble iron residue before it is processed into "sponge iron," and will be shipped to Europe for separation and final processing.

More commonly copper is obtained by the use of scrap-iron, but this process would not prove economical in Kenya, where scrap is not available, and the cost of importing it would prove uneconomical.

Meanwhile, until the sponge-iron furnace comes into operation, the copper mined will be stockpiled once it has gone through the mill and flotation plant.

When the full plant comes into production it is estimated that the annual output of copper, together with gold and silver, will be worth £750,000 a year.

EXPANSION AT THE ISLE OF GRAIN

A Vast Construction Scheme is Under Way for British Petroleum

British Petroleum have begun construction on their major extension scheme at the Isle of Grain Oil Refinery which will enable it to increase its annual processing of 4,600,000 tons of crude oil to 7,000,000. The new expansion scheme, which will cost about £26,000,000, will be completed in 1957/58. It will include plant capable of producing annually some 130,000 tons of aviation gasoline; further distillation equipment; other processing plant, and two new jetties on the River Medway in addition to the seven already constructed. Extensions also have to be made to the existing rail and road system. In the preparation of the low-lying land about 500,000 cubic yards of sand are being pumped ashore for use as a filling, while in some places about 8,000 concrete piles will be used to support part of the plant. During the construction of the main refinery 6,000 piles were used, and nearly 1,000,000 cubic yards of sand were pumped ashore to reclaim marshy land. It is believed that the new plant for the production of aviation gasoline will effect a considerable saving in dollar expenditure.

PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE EXTENSION TO THE ISLE OF GRAIN OIL REFINERY: The men are working close to the vast concrete mixers on the site of the extension to British Petroleum's Refinery on the Kent coast. The expansion will be completed in 1957-58, and the refinery will then be capable of processing about 7,000,000 tons of crude oil a year.

MUCH WORK IS REQUIRED ON THE FOUNDATIONS: Moulds for concrete piles to support some of the buildings are being filled. About 8,000 piles, varying between 18 and 60 ft. in length, are likely to be needed.

RECLAIMING LOW-LYING LAND: Operators from a Dutch dredging crew are unloading sections of a pipeline for use in pumping operations. About 500,000 cubic yards of sand are to be pumped from the Medway to use as filling for low-lying areas, on which some of the plant will be built. This picture, taken alongside the sea-wall, shows the site of the original Port Victoria Hotel, which was demolished to make way for the refinery.

TEMPORARY BUILDINGS TO FORM A LABOUR CAMP: They will provide accommodation for about 900 men who will be employed on the site. At a peak construction period some time in 1958, a labour force of 5,000 men will be required. In the centre background of this picture is part of the catalytic cracking plant of the main refinery. At present the main refinery at the Isle of Grain, which began operations in 1953, is capable of processing some 4,600,000 tons of crude oil a year.

A NEW CANADIAN DESTROYER ON THE THAMES: H.M.C.S. *St. Laurent* moors at Battle Bridge Tier, in the shadow of Tower Bridge, after helping to escort the Queen on her visit to Sweden. Canada's most up-to-date destroyer escort, she was designed with smooth lines and a clean superstructure to reduce ice formation during the North Atlantic winter, and to ensure that she can be quickly cleaned if contaminated by radio-active material. The *St. Laurent* is known variously as a "floating power house" and the "electrical wonderland," from her wealth of the most modern equipment, designed primarily for destroying enemy submarines.

The Canadian destroyer escort *St. Laurent*, which berthed in the Pool of London last week, is designed specifically to combat the modern fast submarine. She has a speed of 27 knots and is equipped with a great variety of electronic devices. In fog and at night she can hunt her prey with long-range asdic, and then destroy it with her main armament: the two batteries of triple "Squids"—anti-submarine mortars. These are directed electronically by Sonar fire control systems. Her electrical system is powered by five generators capable of producing 1,400 kilowatts: equal to the generating capacity of an 18,000-ton aircraft-carrier. She cost nearly £5,000,000 to build; almost as much as the *Queen Mary* (in 1934), and took over five years to complete. She is one of a class of fourteen under construction, six of which will be completed this year and the rest in 1957. The massive electrical system caters for the comfort of the 290 crew as well as for the armament. Electric shaving points, bread slicers, toasters, coffee urns, dish-washing machines and garbage disposal units all help to make her one of the most modern vessels afloat. She has storage space for three months' frozen provisions, as against two weeks' supply in escort ships built during the Second World War.

NEW SHIPS FOR COMMONWEALTH FORCES

The Canadian Destroyer "St. Laurent" at Tower Bridge; a Fast Dual-Purpose Launch for the R.A.F.

H.M.C.S. "ST. LAURENT" PASSES BENEATH TOWER BRIDGE: The 2,600-ton "submarine-killer" is one of a class of fourteen vessels being built in Canada according to a new technique, "Unit Construction." All will be completed by 1957.

AN R.A.F. LAUNCH AT SPEED: The new experimental dual-purpose launch 2762E undergoes demonstration trials off the Isle of Wight. Capable of 42 knots, she is designed for rescue work and for target-towing. At 37 knots, she has a range of 570 miles. Built by Vosper, 2762E is the first air-sea rescue launch to have topsides of glass fibre and a welded aluminium hull. There is accommodation for the commanding officer and seven crew and for nine in the sick-bay. She is 68 ft. long, is powered by two 1,450-h.p. Rolls-Royce Sea Griffon Type 101 engines, and carries Sarah radio rescue equipment.

A WATERLOO TROPHY FOR SCOTLAND

The French Eagle of the Royal Scots Greys is Returned to the Regiment in a Ceremony at Chelsea

THE WATERLOO TROPHY IS HANDED OVER AT CHELSEA: The Governor of Chelsea Hospital, General Sir Bernard Paget, hands the Eagle to R.S.M. William Haynes during the ceremony on Waterloo Day. The Tricolor, which has been removed from the Standard for preservation, is seen on the left of the picture.

ROYAL SCOTS GREYS PARADE THEIR BATTLE TROPHY: The Eagle Standard captured from the French at Waterloo is paraded at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, after it had been handed to the Regiment for transfer to the Greys' Museum in Edinburgh.

The Royal Scots Greys have received back into their keeping the famous trophy which the Regiment won at Waterloo. It is the Eagle Standard and Tricolor of Napoleon's 45th Regiment of Infantry from which the Scots Greys have derived their Regimental badge. The trophy was captured by Sergeant Charles Ewart on June 18, 1815, when his regiment, the North British Dragoons (later the Royal Scots Greys), and the Gordons clinging to their stirrups charged the French lines. Ewart battled his way on and wrested the standard from the bearer, and in the action killed nine officers and men before returning with his prize to the British lines. On its arrival in England the Standard was laid up in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall and then in 1835 it was removed with other Waterloo souvenirs to the Royal Hospital, at Chelsea. It is now to be deposited in the Greys' Museum in Edinburgh.

THE BATTLE TROPHY IS MARCHED OFF AFTER THE CEREMONY: It had been at the Royal Hospital since 1835. Prior to that it had been laid up in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall. In the background of this picture is the statue of King Charles II. In Edinburgh, where the trophy is to be handed to the Governor of the Castle for safe keeping in the Greys' Museum, it will be placed near the grave of Sergeant Ewart, who captured it from the 45th Regiment of Infantry in Napoleon's army.

REBUILDING THE STOA OF ATTALOS, IN ATHENS: In this picture, taken from the Colonos Agoraios, the hill which bounds the ancient market-place from the west, the general proportions and scale of the rising building can be seen. It is being restored with the aid of American scholarship and money to serve as a museum to house the discoveries made in the market since 1931.

RESTORING ANCIENT ATHENS

The American School of Classical Studies in Athens is Rebuilding the Stoa Attalos, Near the Old Market-Place

In order to provide a permanent museum for the objects found in the excavations of the Athenian market-place, the American School of Classical Studies in Athens is restoring the ancient Stoa, or open portico, along the east side of the square. This is the Stoa of Attalos, built by Attalos II, King of Pergamon, in Asia Minor, between 159 and 138 B.C. The two-storeyed colonnade, with a marble façade 382 ft. in length, had closed the east side of the old market-place, the Agora, where the commercial activities of the ancient City State were carried out. The shops that the Stoa once housed were undoubtedly among the most fashionable in the city, while the deep, cool colonnade must have been an attractive promenade for the citizens.

The reconstruction which was begun in the summer of 1953 by the American School of Classical Studies under the general direction of the Greek Ministry of Education, is now well on the way to completion. It is anticipated that the work will be sufficiently advanced to permit the formal dedication of the building at the beginning of September 1956. In addition to serving the purposes of a museum to house the 60,000 separate objects and 100,000 coins that will be on view there, the reconstruction is filling another long-felt need. It will make intelligible for the first time, both to the ordinary visitor and to the classical student, the scheme of a Stoa, the most characteristic type of ancient Greek civic architecture. It will also illustrate in a most effective manner the provision made for dignified and agreeable commercial association in the Agora of the Ancient City State. Since in the gentle climate of the Hellenistic world most meetings could take place out of doors, the Stoas surrounding the market-places and the temples formed ideal places for discussions of all kinds. Their architectural evolution was firmly governed by the necessity of providing an area where the citizenry could mingle and gossip freely.

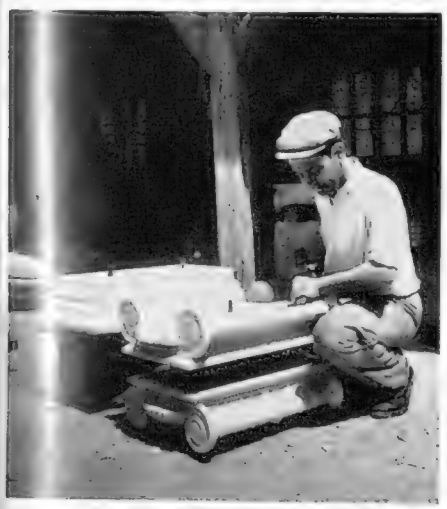
Eventually the Greeks devised a special type of Stoa-surrounded enclosure, usually attached to the Agora, for the purposes of commercial or political discussion. At first this type of structure was called a *basileios Stoa*, or regal portico, but later it became shortened to *basilica*. The word Stoa has also been handed down in another sense. Much of the discussion among the sauntering crowds was of philosophy and that school of thinkers, the Stoics, thronging the Stoa Poikile, not far from the Stoa Attalos, took their name from the place of their arguments.

> "So th'ancient Stoics in their porch
> With fierce dispute maintain'd their church."

Once the Agora was enclosed by a series of these Stoas, each the haunt of a specific set of citizens, ranging from philosophers and poets down to dealers and merchants.

THE INTERIOR OF THE STOA: The fluted Doric columns lining the exterior of the building contrast with the simplicity of those of Ionic design gracing the centre. Some idea can be gained from the picture of the ample width and space of the colonnade where the citizens of ancient Greece were accustomed to saunter deep in discussion with each other.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE ACROPOLIS: The ancient market-place of Athens, the Agora, lies in low ground at the foot of the Acropolis (on right). As in the days of the city's greatness, the restored Stoa of Attalos (in background, left) when finished will mark the eastern limits of the square. It will also serve to screen the old market-place from the modern city beyond.



On left—
ANCIENT DESIGN AND MODERN SKILL: A workman finishes one of the double Ionic capitals for the second-storey façade of the Stoa. The marble worker signs each new capital as it is finished.

Below—
SETTING THE PARAPET BLOCKS: The spaces between the columns of the second storey are filled with parapet blocks of white marble carved in relief with simple lozenge patterns.

THE GROUND-FLOOR COLONNADE: In this picture the interior of the colonnade is shown nearing completion. The wooden ceiling beams are in place and there remains only the laying of a simple terrazzo floor for the completion of this lower storey. The upper floor will house the museum and its ancient finds.

BAKERS' CARTS AND CARAVANS

A Chelsea Potter Converts Old Bakers' Handcarts into "Gipsy Caravans" for Children

The quiet streets around the Chelsea Pottery are seldom empty of excited children to-day as a miniature production line guided by a Chelsea potter, David Rawnsley, converts disused bakers' handcarts into multi-coloured "fairy caravans" for London toyshops. The idea first came to David Rawnsley when he gave one of the carts to his children to play with. Later, when he decided to convert it into a small caravan the comparative ease with which the work was done persuaded him to scour the bakers' yards for more carts. Now, in association with a local coachbuilder, he is buying up the old handcarts wherever he can find them and selling the finished children's caravans to toyshops at £16 a time. The demand for the "gipsy caravans" does not seem to be diminishing and David Rawnsley and his artist associates are working overtime to turn out as many as possible. Each cart is hand-painted, fitted with a small bench, a table, shelf, windows and steps at the door. They are light enough for children to push or pull around the garden and can be towed behind a car. The practical imagination of David Rawnsley has given children a fairyland playground.

ON THE WAY TO CONVERSION: Quite a production line of old roundsmen's handcarts has been passing through the Chelsea Pottery where David Rawnsley and his artists are converting them into "children's caravans." In association with a coachbuilder, he has been buying the carts from bakers.

On left—

BEFORE AND AFTER: A line of handcarts, some already converted and others awaiting the artists' attention, stands in a quiet side street alongside the Chelsea Pottery. The carts are light enough for the children to push or pull around.

On right—

THE SATISFIED CUSTOMER: A prospective buyer inspects one of the converted handcarts which has been fitted with a small bench and table and hung with curtains.

A TOY HOUSE IN FAIRYLAND: Damon Rawnsley looks out of the window of the original cart made by his father. It was after this first success that David Rawnsley thought of carrying on the idea and selling the carts to toyshops. *On left*—A domestic interlude in toyland as two children play in one of the finished "fairy caravans."

THE FIRST SECTION OF A NEW 25-ACRE PARK IN SHOREDITCH, EAST LONDON: At present it covers about 5 acres, and it is in a part of London where the need for open space is greatest. The park was opened last week.

A NEW VISTA IN SHOREDITCH

Haggerston Park Occupies the Site of a Canal and Gasworks

Last week Mr. Edwin Bayliss, Chairman of the L.C.C. Parks Committee, declared open the first part of the Haggerston Park, in Shoreditch. At present, the park, which occupies the site of the old Shoreditch Gasworks and part of a canal which has been filled in, covers only about 5 acres, but eventually it will extend to 25 acres, from Hackney Road to Whiston Road, and from Queensbridge Road to Goldsmith Row. As the whole project will take some years to complete, the L.C.C. say that its development has been carefully planned to avoid abortive expenditure. When each individual site becomes available it will, as far as possible, be permanently laid out according to its function in the final plan. This will include the lawns as they are laid out at present, sports fields and a children's play area. In the transformation of the first part all the soil had to be brought in and one of the most tedious tasks of all was the removal of gas pipes which were found in almost every corner.

A SHELTER WITH A BALCONY: A spiral staircase leads from the ground to the balcony. In front of the shelter there is a broad terrace with rose beds leading to a spacious lawn. Seats are provided at many points.

THE REFRESHMENT KIOSK ON THE PAVED TERRACE AREA AT THE SOUTH END OF THE GLADE: Above the kiosk is a tower which houses a dovecot. On the left of the terrace is part of the open pergola and covered loggia.

THE SITE OF THE HAGGERSTON BASIN: This view shows the area where the canal has been filled in and the sunken grass area between the old canal walls laid out as a glade. In the background is the base of a gas-holder with a canvas awning, which has been adapted for entertainments.

A BIRD SANCTUARY IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH : The Isle of May is one of four new nature reserves that have been established in Scotland. The lighthouse in the foreground is also a bird observatory, where bona fide ornithologists may stay. The coast of Fife can be seen in the distance beyond the sea. Autumn and winter bring large numbers of bird migrants, which land here en route for, or after crossing, the North Sea. The Isle of May, which covers 140 acres, has afforded shelter to 218 species.

A NEW NATURE RESERVE IN SCOTLAND

The Isle of May, a Tiny Rock in the Firth of Forth, is an Official Bird Sanctuary

Four new Nature Reserves have been established in Scotland. They are Sula Sgeir and Rona in the Hebrides, Silverflowe in Kirkcudbright, the Isle of May in Fife, and Rassal Ashwood in Wester Ross. The Isle of May is one of the major migration stations of the world with a phenomenal record of rare bird visitors.

The tiny rock that is the Isle of May lies in the Firth of Forth, where it opens out beyond Crail and North Berwick. The island, 1½ miles long by half a mile broad, has had an exciting history since the days when it was venerated as a place of pilgrimage. It was inhabited by Cluniac monks who were "gifted" the island. They abandoned the monastery after it had been sacked by English invaders.

May's next rent-free inhabitants were smugglers and ship-wreckers who lured ships to their doom by shining lights at night. So successful were they that the Government cleared them out, and granted a patent in 1635 to erect what was the first lighthouse in Scotland. This was a coal-burning brazier perched 40 ft. up a tower, and it used up to 3 tons of coal each night. The island, which had been given away to the monks, cost the Northern Lighthouse Commission £60,000 when they finally took it over in 1815.

A LINK WITH THE MAINLAND : The boatmen have just landed a pair of ornithologists on the Isle of May. Next to them are two lighthouse-keepers. Seated on the deck are the District Nurse (on right) and a lighthouse-keeper's wife, who was being taken to hospital on the mainland. Rocks surround the quay and the landing area.

The next important landmark in the island's history was when Dr. E. V. Baxter and the late Miss L. J. Rintoul went to May Island in 1907 to study bird life there. They made the discovery that this was one of the major migration stations of the world, and also formulated the modern theory of migration drift, which contradicted existing theories that birds followed established routes to and from the Continent.

It is now generally accepted that birds pass over hostile environment, such as the ocean, by flying with the wind, otherwise they could not survive. This does not contradict the theory that birds have a direction of flight which they will try to maintain. They have sense of direction but not foreknowledge of adverse winds.

The list of rarities recorded on May Island is startling. Such birds as Siberian thrush, pine grosbeak, osprey, isabelline shrike and scarlet grosbeak being recorded among the 230 species and sub-species seen on May since it has been a bird sanctuary.

Since 1947 the Isle of May bird observatory and field station has been run by a joint committee on which the Scottish Universities, the Midlothian Ornithological Club and the Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses are represented. The Nature Conservancy will continue the work with the same committee, giving assurance that no scheme of future development is likely to jeopardise this natural sanctuary.

Of the other reserves, North Rona is the most interesting because it is the greatest breeding-ground in the world of the Atlantic grey seal ; rarest of the world's twenty-five species of seal. Five thousand are estimated to breed there every year.

MINIATURE PENGUINS? Guillemots standing on the barnacle-encrusted rocks of the Isle of May resemble penguins, with their white "shirt-fronts." The behaviour of these birds is studied by ornithologists by placing coloured rings round the legs of nesting pairs.

On right—

A MIGRANT IS RINGED: Miss Winifred Flower, B.Sc., a Scottish university zoologist, has just ringed a woodcock on the leg. The movements of the many species of bird on the Isle of May can be traced throughout their migrations by this means.

A PRECARIOUS PERCH: Kittiwake gulls and their young nest on the rocky ledges during the breeding season on the Isle of May. 1,400 birds of various species are ringed in some years, including many chicks. The Nature Conservancy works with other bodies in preserving the island.

RUDE COMMENTS FROM A BIRD OF PASSAGE: The shag in the centre resents the intrusion of the camera. The birds are standing in the ruins of a nest on the cliff-face. All three wear rings attached to their legs by ornithologists. Shags are smaller relations of the cormorant.

A CRAMPED LANDING-PLACE: These barren cliffs are typical of the Isle of May. In parts they are 160 ft. high. Lighthouse and radio masts stand on the cliff-top. A lighthouse-keeper (right) looks out to sea. In the Middle Ages and after, the island was visited by Scots royalty, on pilgrimage, including the Queen of James II; James IV, and probably James V. There was once an important monastery here, later destroyed by English raiders. The remains of the priory still exist.

A HOARDER'S DILEMMA

Sooner or Later an Archivist must Decide Which of his Treasures he must Keep and Which Should be Consigned to the Flames ; and some Thoughts on Letters of the Nineteenth Century

By JOHN GORE

BUNDLES OF OLD LETTERS.—I come of a family of hoarders. My great-grandparents hoarded their own love-letters, their children's letters, the letters of their friends. My grandfather was an arch-hoarder. All his life he was an assiduous letter-writer and got as good as he gave. His correspondents were usually prominent politicians and "Socialites," and in an orderly way he docketed and hoarded their letters ; so that when he died, his archives occupied more room in the small study in his house at Wimbledon than did his books. For his books were men and women. My parents carried on his good work and stored away many hundreds of letters of much less interest than my grandfather's.

Among their descendants I alone was regarded as likely to be interested in these unexamined archives, and so it was that most of them, in boxes, sachets and bundles, gradually accumulated in my house. I turned them to quite good account as the years passed, especially in the writing of books on the Reform Bill era, and, being myself a hoarder dyed-in-the-wood, I never could bring myself to destroy any letter I had read and used; until a couple of years ago, when nearing man's allotted span, and realising that a sense of the past was never observable in my own children, I took a firm decision and recklessly threw on a bonfire the archives of three generations, the diaries, the love-letters, the children's letters, the letters from notables covering the years from 1790 to 1920.

Not without compunction, not without regret, not indeed without tears. A man may read and destroy his great-grandmother's love-letters or, indeed, his grandmother's without sentimental tears, but he must be cool and unsentimental indeed if he can read the hopes and fears and raptures of an eighteen-year-old girl whom he never saw in that condition and best remembers as his mother in her old age.

But it is a right and, indeed, inevitable decision. An archivist's duty and function are to ensure that nothing of historical or social historical value is destroyed until used. Beyond that, like an editor, he must select and reject with relevance and cool judgment. The love-letters of the generations of ordinary men and women are of an unchanging pattern and unlikely to throw new light on human nature and trends.

The job was done. The archives went up in smoke and the smoke blew away, and the hard decision, once taken, could be forgotten.

All To Do Again.—Or so I hoped. But only the other day there came to me from a country house which was being cleaned up several more bulky folders containing old papers and letters hoarded by my ancestors and neatly docketed; and some wet day, I suppose, I must once more make the difficult decision. To burn unread or once more to familiarise myself with the old handwritings, the criss-cross faded sentences on the folded, sealed paper; in search of something interesting or new to history, in search even of a few more black penny stamps ? What are the prospects to-day of something new; of striking oil ?

The nineteenth century is surely as completely documented already as the most meticulous social and political historian can demand. Is there anything new to be learned of Queen Victoria, of Byron, of Melbourne and the rest ? Is not saturation point attained from 10,000 histories, biographies, studies and social memoirs ? Well, I took a peep. My life's work, such as it is, has been largely spent in raking such old ash-heaps, and the old itch and urge for the buried treasure hunt came on me again.

I have not broken the tapes on the larger folders. My fingers automatically opened up the smallest, and I reproduce the first letter which came out. My grandfather, not long before appointed Commissioner of Woods and Forests, was in 1853 working in close touch with the Prince Consort, who had found him co-operative, and was paying a visit to Windsor, whence he writes to my grandmother at their house at Wimbledon, where she had in January given birth to her youngest son (Bishop Charles Gore):

Windsor Castle,
Feb. 11, 1853.

MY DEAREST,

I have not much to say, for this is a cold and cheerless day and this "cottage" is as cold as any "cottage," ours at Wimbledon not excepted, that I was ever in in my life.

I do not however think that my cold is at all worse and I slept very well last night. The Queen enquired how you were getting on and asked how many children we now had.

I cannot repeat of Her Majesty as Lady Palmerston did of you that she had not the least idea from your appearance that you were going to have a Babby, for it was certainly undeniably evident. I was the only Company last night. There were several Princesses, German and French. The three youngest children came to dinner and the youngest boy, Spencer's age, in a Scarlet Jacket, White Waistcoat and Scarlet Frock, at least as it looked to me.

He is a most intelligent-looking boy with a fair curly head, not so big or so pretty as Spencer but very nice looking, and they all behaved so well, never asked for a thing and not a morsel was given to them, and yet the two Princesses stayed all thro' dinner and Prince Arthur was fetched away when dinner was about half over. They all seem to be jolly lively little things, one of the Princesses, Helena I think, is very like the Queen in Countenance. They each as they went to Bed kissed the back of the Queen's and Prince's hands.

There was after dinner a musical representation in St. George's Hall. There were about 100 performers and 50 audience. It was in honour of the anniversary of the Marriage. At this the Elder Princes and Princesses were but I did not see them. The two eldest Princes were in Highland dress. The cold of St. George's Hall baffles description and belief.

In the afternoon all the children, I was told, except Prince Arthur, acted a German Comedy, admirably they say, especially the Princess Royal who is quite an artist. All these appearances by the children were in honour of the Day and they will not be seen again to-day. They seem to be singularly well brought up.

Lady Charlemont was in waiting. The Court teems with stories of her foolish sayings. One rather amused me. The Queen and Prince were looking at a map to see exactly the places in Quebec that were destroyed by a late fire, and the Queen said: "on this spot the great Wolfe was killed." Lady Charlemont observed upon this: "Will yr Royal Highness permit me to ask whether there are many of those reptiles still at Quebec."

Lord Somers who is Lord in Waiting seems a very agreeable jolly fellow, little and ugly. Love to all the children and tell them with my love that Princes and Princesses never ask for anything to eat because they see others eating . . .

ROYAL THEATRICALS AT WINDSOR: This family group, lithographed by Edmond Morin after Queen Victoria's drawing, shows the Princes and the Princesses acting *Die Tafel Birnen* (The Dessert Pears). From left are Princess Helena, Princess Alice, Prince Alfred, Princess Louise, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Princess Victoria Adelaide. As the engraving is dated February 10, 1853, it very probably illustrates the German comedy referred to in the letter quoted by Mr. John Gore. The picture was published in last year's Christmas number of *The Sphere* as one of a series of drawings and engravings by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

Who Cares ?—Quite a pleasant letter and it would seem, at first view, a pity to tear it in pieces. But what worlds away ! How fast the generations have succeeded each other, so fast that no human being alive to-day could enjoy "the touch of a vanished hand," so superficial that no social historian could find in it a tiny brushful of colour to complete a portrait of any person mentioned. And yet the old editorial urge to tidy the letter up, to explain the allusions, to identify the characters named, is potent still.

The "youngest boy" is Arthur, Duke of Connaught, born in 1850. "Spencer" was my grandfather's second son, father of the painter Spencer Gore. The anniversary was that of the Queen's marriage on February 10, 1840. The Princess Royal, Empress of Germany, had been born in December of the same year.

Lady Charlemont was Anne Bermingham, wife of the 2nd Earl, whose beauty set Rome on fire and whose silliness was proverbial in London; and Lord Somers was the second holder of his Earldom.

And who cares ? Who will endure footnotes and pedigrees to-day ? However, I took another peep. The docket on the next letter which came to hand caught my attention. It was written in 1828 by Lady Duncannon at Bessborough to her second son serving in his ship in the Mediterranean. He was sixteen and he died three years later at Malta. He was adored by his family and, to judge by the miniature in my family, must have been an enchanting boy. The letter describes the current doings at Bessborough and mentions that Mr. Creevey was staying there, and that his good nature and fun were making him intensely popular with the children.

Creevey himself had devoted pages to that visit and I wished I had seen this letter when I was editing his papers. It is of no importance whatever, yet on thinking about it I found a sentimental interest which raised tears to my eyes.

How came that letter to be there among the letters of Lady Duncannon's second daughter, my grandmother ? Obviously, Wentworth (Wenty) had treasured the letter and kept it in his box for the three years which remained of his life, and when he died, it had come home to Bessborough with his possessions, and my grandmother, his next sister and most devoted, had taken it and kept it all her long life—she died in 1904.

A Mixed Bag.—Of course, I emptied out the rest of the contents of this smaller sachet. There were more letters to Wenty from Bessborough, some addressed to the *Madagascar*, in the Mediterranean, retailing home news and more of Mr. Creevey's gossip (the new King William's threat to go down to the House in a hackney-coach if need be ; the comfort of the new woollen stockings, and so on).

There was a formidable bundle of docketed "autograph letters from prominent people." Some of the writers remain prominent, some have receded in importance. Not one of them said anything of the slightest importance. There were several from Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale. She was a Wimbledon neighbour. I doubt whether her autograph or holograph letters accepting an invitation to dine or to attend a Dickens reading are to-day worth the paper they are written on. And that would go for Melbourne, Palmerston, Wellington, and, above all, Lord John Russell, whose letters were the briefest, driest and dullest of any contemporary statesman. As for Wellington, his autograph letters are two-a-penny. He wrote all day long, one must suppose, and I cannot think that the dozen letters on dry-as-dust subjects from Mr. Gladstone in his superb handwriting (equalled only in excellence by Palmerston, who set a pattern for all Foreign Office clerks) would excite the bidding at Sotheby's.

The docket on the last bundle in the sachet looked more promising. The letters are for the most part dated 1845. Some of them deal with Lord John's fruitless effort to form a Government when Peel resigned. Some with the Cabinet changes when Peel was called back to carry out "the act of treachery." They were written by Grey, Russell, Gladstone, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Melbourne, Wellington and others.

They are back again in the sachet, unread by me. Whatever the fate of the sachet, the secrets they contain will never be disclosed to the world by me. I should say that the chances of any one of them throwing a faintest gleam of new light on that once tremendous political event are too remote to tempt even a keen young student of politics to transcribe them. If any there be, he is welcome to examine them. For my part, the politics of the early Victorian era are dry bones, and I have done with that particular form of treasure-hunting in old scrap-heaps.

And some wet day next autumn, I fancy, I shall once more screw my courage to the sticking-point and consign this lot to the flames. The hard decision will centre not on the burning of the statesmen's letters, but of that little packet of letters to Wenty Ponsonby which came back with his effects from Malta and were treasured by his sorrowing family for 130 years. There is no dust on these faded letters. They are still fresh and vivid, watered with the tears of things. The political and religious controversies of recent generations soon gather dust and grow old, as doth a garment, old, stale and unprofitable. But generation after generation the joys and sorrows of family life, unchanging and unchangeable, repeat themselves, and the faded letters (love-letters apart, which are sacred) which recount them are always topical, always vivid, too often reminders of the wastage of young lives in war and peace, the buds on the family tree that never came to flower, but "died *sine prole*."

THE THAMES BARGE MATCH

The Annual Sailing-Barge Event from Lower Hope to the North Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend

THAMES SAILING-BARGES SPREAD THEIR CANVAS: *Sirdar*, which is owned by the London and Rochester Trading Company, leads soon after the start of the match. Last year she was the winner, but this time she was second to Messrs. Everard's *Veronica* (on left), which won in just under eight hours. *On left*—The *Sara*, with her full spread of canvas, makes a fine and rare sight during the race. *Below*—*Sara* leads the way out to the North Oaze Buoy. This annual match was instituted over ninety years ago, but there are now only about thirty purely sailing-barges working on the Thames and on coastal runs to places like Ipswich and Yarmouth. Among their cargoes are flour, grain, straw, cement, coal, bricks and chemicals. Apart from their low speed, which makes them uneconomical, there is the high expense of wood for their hulls and the lack of skilled shipwrights who are capable of either building or repairing them. Nowadays no more are built, and even the 56-ton (bowsprit) barge *Veronica*, which won the match this year, was launched as early as 1906.

WHITE SAILS ON THE CLYDE

The Duke of Edinburgh's Yachts will Compete in the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's International Fortnight

By UFFA FOX

THE International Fortnight 1956 brings the Clyde into its own again. These days of heavy taxation have in past years hurt the Clyde, so that one year the fortnight had to be reduced to a week. This year will see a great revival of sailing there, for this is the hundredth birthday of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. Yachts and yachtsmen will come from a great many parts of the world to wish the Royal Clyde well.

Sailing is always the greatest of fun, whether racing or cruising, but on the Clyde zest is added to this by the beauty in the hills and valleys all around and by the sudden and different changes in the sky. For the winds coming in from the Atlantic, which twist and turn and are thrown upwards by the hills and mountains, make an ever-changing sky and cloud pattern. The older the seaman the more he is able to see and judge the effect it will have on the invisible wind with which he sails. There is hardly any tide on the west coast of Scotland. The tidal streams are controlled by the moon and sun and, therefore, run in easterly and westerly directions. Consequently, there is little strength in the tides on this coast of Scotland, for it runs north and south and is opposed to the flow of the tide. Broadly speaking, when sailing on the Clyde you have only the direction and strength of wind to think about. There are, of course, some strong tidal streams in Scotland. In the Strait of Corryvaeckan the tide runs like a millrace and across the North of Scotland it is very strong, especially in the Pentland Firth, but at both these points the tidal streams are running east and west.

As well as racing all day against friends from all parts of the world, the evenings are full of fun, for there are parties and dances, banquets and balls almost every night. The opening day on Saturday, June 30, is the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's Centenary Regatta, and I for one am pleased that there is no racing on the two Sundays in the week, as among other reasons, it is always fun to have a day free to visit friends and to enjoy the beauty of the hills inland.

IN LINE ABREAST ON THE CLYDE: Seven Dragon-class yachts are closely grouped on Holy Loch as they fight for first place during an International Fortnight. This year's event opens on June 30 with the Royal Clyde Yacht Club's Centenary Regatta. In one recent year the "Fortnight" only amounted to a week, but the centenary celebrations will mark a revival of sailing on the Clyde. Behind the Dragons are Flying Fifteens. Hunter's Quay is in the left background.

During the fortnight the races are given by the Royal Northern Yacht Club, the Royal Western Yacht Club, the Clyde Corinthian Yacht Club, the Royal Garelochs, the Royal Largs, the Royal Highlands, the Mudhook Yacht Club, and also the Royal Naval Association. These races are for the International Eight Metres, cruisers and racers; the Six Metres, the International One Designs, the Dragons, the Flying Fifteens, the Scottish Islands, Garelochs, Loch Longs and the Pleiades. As well as these there are handicap races for all yachts from the largest to the smallest.

The Clyde, too, is fortunate in that Her Majesty's yacht *Britannia* will be there. What with the beauty of the west coast of Scotland and the loveliness of the sailing yachts cleaving their way through the waters, the Clyde Fortnight should be a great success, and the first two weeks of July will pass all too quickly. The Dragons will be racing for the Duke of Edinburgh's Cup from Monday, July 2, until Friday, July 6, and the following week, from July 9 until July 13, they will be racing for the International Dragon Gold Cup. They will have their fill of excitement, for every race will count.

Years ago, I did not ever expect to see centre-board-boat classes in any strength on the Clyde, where there is deep water all around and no need for centre-board boats, but to-day there are National 12-footers and National Fireflies sailing there in great strength, and half a dozen other dinghy classes are also going strong. This is largely due to the fact that such boats are easily portable and can be taken great distances by car. Most of the Flying Fifteens also travel by car and many by trailers. Although the Duke of Edinburgh's yacht *Coweslip* will go to the Clyde on board *Britannia*, I shall take her from there on top of my car to Northern Ireland to sail in the Flying Fifteen Championships on Strangford Lough, the week following the Clyde Fortnight, and then drive south for Cowes Week. Though this sounds a heavy load for a motor-car, the total weight of a Flying Fifteen is only that of four heavy men, and seems to make very little difference to the car itself. Besides speed, this portability saves a great deal of expense, time and trouble. A great many of the Flying Fifteens will be going across to Ireland from the Clyde, and so the Northern Ireland regattas this year should be well supported.

Blue Bottle, owned by Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, has won more races in the south than any other Dragon, and it will be interesting to see how she fares in the Clyde when she meets the Dragon experts there in their own waters, and those from Scandinavia. In the Clyde Fortnight the Duke will be steering during a race for the first time this summer.

Clyde weather, as I have said before, makes an interesting study. It is very seldom the same throughout a race and needs a good deal of understanding. It generally pays to work the weather shore and then work the correct distance from the land where the wind coming down off the hills strikes the sea. Here the wind is freer and stronger as it falls square off the land.

"ISKAREEN" ON HOLY LOCH: The Eight Metres yacht *Iskareen* (K.29, on the left) is one of the fastest vessels of her class. She is seen being led out of Holy Loch by another Eight Metres yacht, *Fulmar*, K.22. The Clyde is the last stronghold of this class. This year there are two Royal entries in other classes—the Duke of Edinburgh's *Coweslip* and *Blue Bottle*, owned by the Queen and the Duke.

THE ENTRANCE TO HOLY LOCH: Hunter's Quay (left) and Strome Point (right) are landmarks for Clyde yachtsmen. At this spot the Commodore's yacht takes up its position to form the start for many regattas during the Clyde Fortnight. In the centre foreground is a Flying Fifteen; on the right, a Dragon. The Royal Yacht *Britannia* will be present during this year's Clyde Fortnight.

UNDER WEIGH NEAR THE START: Yachts of the Scottish Islands One Design class compete for the Zinita challenge trophy. The four vessels shown are, from left to right—*Sandra*, *Fidra*, *Iona* and *Stroma*. The International Fortnight includes races for many classes of yachts.

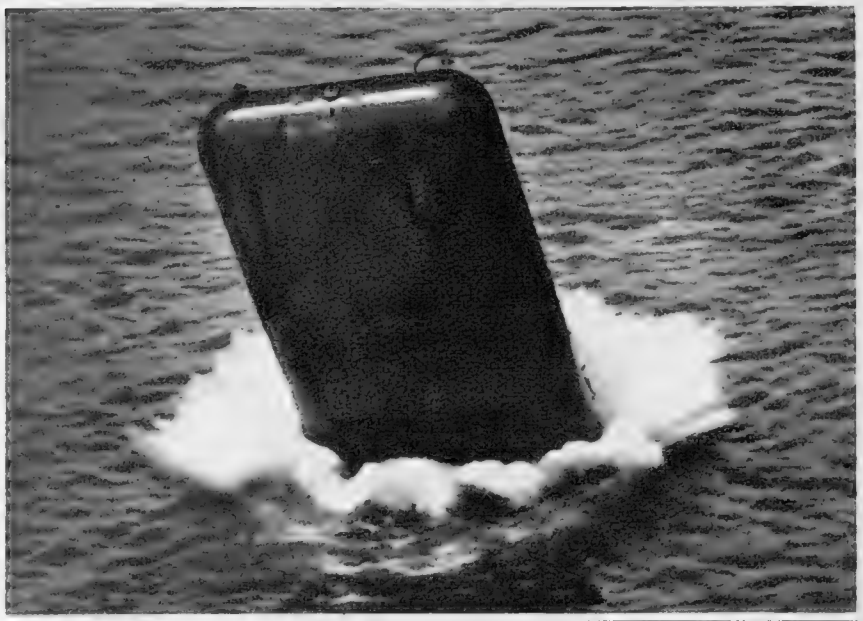
INTERNATIONAL DRAGON: *Pegasus*, D.91, races on the Clyde. The Dragon class of yacht, with a crew of three, will be strongly represented in the International Fortnight, as they are competing for the Duke of Edinburgh's Cup. The Queen and the Duke own the Dragon *Blue Bottle*.

THE COMMODORE'S FLAGSHIP: The yawl *Mariella* is owned by Mr. Ronald Teacher, who is Commodore of the Royal Clyde Yacht Club. She acts as flagship and committee vessel during regattas, and marks the starting-point of several events.

HIGH SPEED TESTS ON LAND AND SEA

Testing a Steam Catapult Aboard the "Saratoga"; a Rocket Sled Travels at 1,560 m.p.h.

AMERICAN DEVICES ON TEST: *Above*—A wheeled dummy is catapulted from the deck of the new United States aircraft-carrier *Saratoga*, to check data for plane launchings. The scene is the New York naval shipyard. The dummy is being fired from the steam catapult, a British invention, and accelerates from a standstill to 100 m.p.h. in the space of a few seconds. *On left*—It leaves the deck of the aircraft carrier to begin its dive. *Below, left*—The moment of plunging into the water. *Below*—A fountain of water is thrown up as the dummy disappears. The *Saratoga* is America's latest aircraft-carrier, and is at present undergoing her trials before making her "shake-down" cruise in August. She is the largest and most powerful warship afloat, displacing 60,000 tons, has a crew of nearly 4,000 and can carry over 100 aircraft. The carrier is over 1,000 ft. long and more than 250 ft. broad. There are to be five of these giant carriers. The *Saratoga* cost nearly £70,000,000 and took nearly 3½ years to build. Her speed is 35 knots.



THE FASTEST LAND VEHICLE

THE UNMANNED ROCKET SLED CLAIMED TO HAVE SET UP A NEW LAND SPEED RECORD OF 1,560 M.P.H. AT EDWARDS AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA: It is designed to travel on rails through a simulated rainstorm at supersonic speeds, while carrying parts of guided missiles and supersonic aircraft. The sled is recovered at the end of its run to check the effect of the rain on the components it carries. Examining the rocket are: Brigadier-General J. S. Holtoner (on left) and two technicians. *On right*—The sled blows sand and smoke high in the air when approaching its maximum speed.

ARMED FORCES ON PARADE

Scottish Cadets are Inspected; General Gruenther at Sandhurst; an Armoured Corps Display at Bovington

CADETS ON PARADE: Air Vice-Marshal P. D. Cracroft, A.O.C. No. 18 Group, R.A.F., arrived by helicopter for the annual general inspection of the Trinity College Combined Cadet Force at Glenalmond, Perthshire. The helicopter, a Bristol Sycamore, is seen giving a demonstration of rescue work. A "casualty" in a stretcher is lifted while boys of the school watch.

THE INSPECTING OFFICER ARRIVES BY HELICOPTER: Air Vice-Marshal Cracroft leaves his machine on his way to make the annual general inspection last week of the Trinity College Combined Cadet Force.

GENERAL GRUENTHER VISITS SANDHURST: The Supreme Allied Commander in Europe (centre) stops to have a word with a cadet while inspecting the parade. Behind him is Major-General R. G. S. Hobbs, Commandant of the Academy. During his flying visit General Gruenther lunched with the Commandant. He attended the opening of the ninth annual athletics meeting of the Western European military cadets, and chatted with N.A.T.O. students.

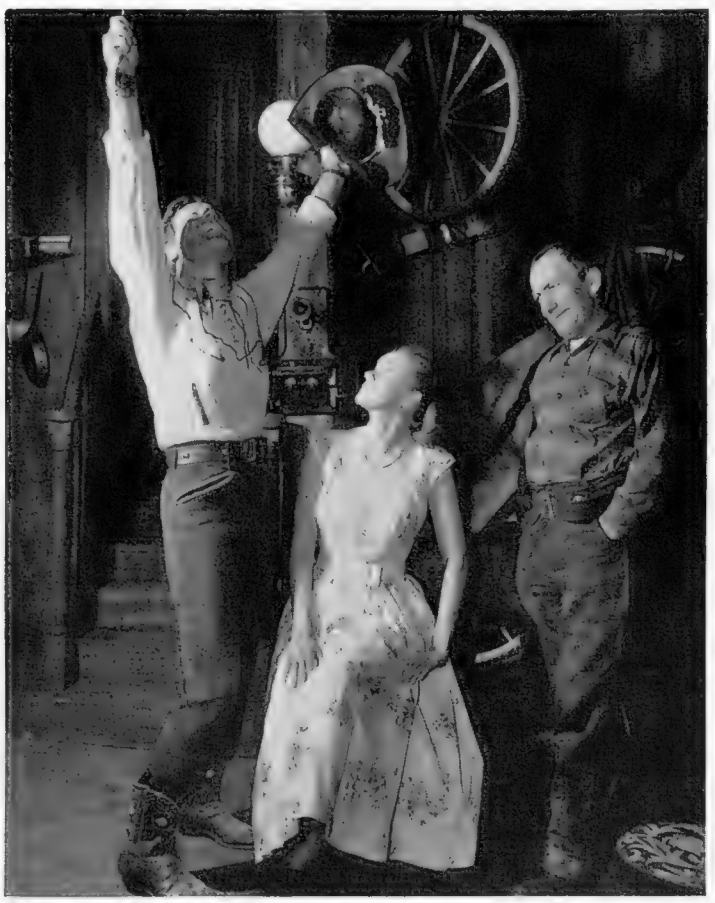
THE ROYAL ARMOURED CORPS DISPLAY AT BOVINGTON: A mass of spectators on the hillside watch as armoured vehicles pass before them during the Royal Armoured Corps demonstration. In the foreground is a Centurion Mk. VII tank. On the track behind are a Sexton (a self-propelled 25-pounder gun) and an M44, a self-propelled 155-mm. gun on an American chassis.

On right—

THE "CONQUEROR" IN ACTION: This 65-ton tank, one of Britain's latest, is seen tackling rough country at Bovington. Armoured vehicles had to surmount a number of obstacles, including a water trench, an open ditch, and a steep climb. One exhibit was a 40-year-old tank.

COMEDY AND FARCE ON THE LONDON STAGE

"The Rainmaker" at the St. Martin's;
"Man Alive!" at the Aldwych



A CONFIDENCE MAN ON THE RANCH: Sam Wanamaker (left) plays the title-role in *The Rainmaker* at the St. Martin's Theatre. In the centre is Geraldine Page as Lizzie Curry, and on the right is Wilfrid Lawson as "Pop" Curry, her father. The itinerant "rainmaker" is an experienced and plausible charlatan, who tries his persuasiveness without much success on the drought-parched Curry ranch. At the same time, he tackles the task of finding the plain Lizzie Curry a husband among the local men, a problem that concerns both her and her father desperately. Lack of self-confidence is her main drawback, and when the "rainmaker" finds himself making little progress in conjuring the heavens, he concentrates on persuading her that she is a pretty woman. This American comedy, by N. Richard Nash, is directed by Sam Wanamaker and Jack Minster.

THE ACTIVE DUMMY: Brian Reece is held down by David Evans and Wilfrid Boyle (the Doorman), while the old shop assistant and the store owner (Geoffrey Dunn and Robertson Hare) keep clear of the struggle. The obstreperous dummy is only at the beginning of his adventures in *Man Alive!* at the Aldwych Theatre, in which Robertson Hare is given many opportunities for his talent for being affronted. The new Aldwych farce has the original setting of the window of a big Oxford Street store. The dummies—Joan Benham, Brian Reece and Joan Sims—can talk to each other but cannot be heard by humans. One (Brian Reece) is brought to life by a new sun-ray lamp accidentally directed on him. The comic results are well exploited to the unceasing consternation of the owner of the store, played by Robertson Hare.

A FAMILY PARTY ON THE CURRY RANCH: The worried family listen to the plausible "rainmaker." From left to right—Jim Curry (Neil McCallum); Noah Curry (Gordon Tanner); "Pop" Curry (Wilfrid Lawson); Lizzie Curry (Geraldine Page), and Bill Starbuck (Sam Wanamaker).

IN AN OXFORD STREET SHOP WINDOW: The buyer (Elizabeth Addyman, second from right) directs the setting of the dummies before the blind goes up in John Dighton's new farce, *Man Alive!* at the Aldwych Theatre. The two models are played by Joan Benham and Brian Reece and, on the left, are a real dummy and the Cockney shop assistant, who is played by Wendy Craig.

THE HAPPY ENDING: The two young shop assistants (David Evans and Wendy Craig) put the final touches to the dummies (Brian Reece and Joan Benham). Brian Reece, alive for the best part of the play, has cooled down to his original waxen self. Great skill is shown by the "dummies" in standing still and unblinking for long periods throughout the action of the play.

THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

The Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth Gather in London for a Conference with the Government

THE ARRIVALS AT LONDON AIRPORT: Mr. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, arrives with his wife to attend the Commonwealth Conference. His car was diverted in leaving the airport to avoid a hostile demonstration which had been prepared by Sinhalese students in an adjacent road. *On right*—Mr. Krishna Menon, who is India's representative at the United Nations, is attending the Conference with Mr. Nehru. Unlike the last meeting of the Prime Ministers, this present one is concerned less with military matters than with the problems of competitive coexistence and economic development. Among the questions that are of interest to all the attending countries are the economic problems of the sterling area, the admission of new members to the Commonwealth, the development of the Colombo Plan and the possibility of holding the next conference in some capital other than London.

PANDIT NEHRU ARRIVES FROM ATHENS: The Indian Prime Minister leaves an Indian Air Force plane on his arrival in London from Athens, where he had broken his journey. He was met by his sister, Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PREMIER AND HIS WIFE: Mr. Strydom, the Prime Minister of South Africa, accompanied by his wife, drives away from the airport. Also representing South Africa is Mr. Louw, the Minister of Finance and External Affairs, who came with the Premier.

CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CONFERENCE: Mr. St. Laurent and his daughter arrive at London Airport. Before he left Canada Mr. St. Laurent said he hoped to discuss "some aspects" of Canadian affairs with the Queen while in London.

PRIDE IN ROADMANSHIP

An Additional Test for the Keen Motorist; New Grades of Petrol and New Models; the A.A. and Your Holiday; Standard Car Designs, and the Road Improvement Programme

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Institute of Advanced Motorists is now in being and many applications have been received already from drivers who pride themselves on their roadmanship and are anxious to take the Institute test. I have been out over one of the new organisation's London test routes with their chief examiner, Mr. George Eyles, and you may like to hear something about this new post-graduate examination.

It is a stiff test, though not so tough that any self-respecting motorist need feel scared of taking it. The examiners' marking sheet contains 104 different items. They relate to such things as starting procedure, gear-changing, braking, steering, skidding, application of the Highway Code, road signs, hazard procedure and cornering.

That reference to "hazard procedure" may have you a bit puzzled. It 's driving school jargon for what to do when you approach a corner or are about to overtake or see some children playing in the street. Under this heading the examiner will take note of how you use your mirror, how you position your car on the road, how and when you signal and whether you change gear BEFORE reaching the hazard (as you should).

The test route over which I travelled with Mr. Eyles measured 31½ miles. It took us through Putney, Sunbury, Staines, Shepperton, Hampton Court and Kingston. This itinerary is carefully chosen. It includes almost every sort of road and traffic conditions, from narrow, busy shopping streets to wide, de-restricted roads. There are eighty-one different road signs on this route. They give warning of such things as hospitals, level-crossings, schools and cross-roads. My tip to any candidate for the Institute test is to keep a careful lookout for all these signs—and act upon them.

And don't be so silly as to drive at 30 m.p.h. on a restricted road irrespective of the traffic conditions. For instance, your examiner will expect you, perhaps, to drop down to 20 m.p.h. if you 're passing a school outside which children are playing.

THE NEW MORRIS J.2 LIGHT MINIBUS: It seats either nine or twelve excluding the driver, and costs £625. The Minibus has an all-steel integral construction, a 4-cylinder, 1½-litre engine and three doors.

The examination costs £2 2s. and lasts a couple of hours, including a manœuvring test of half an hour. If you pass you are entitled to become a member of the Institute, display its badge on your car and benefit by a reduced insurance premium, though this may make it necessary to switch to another company.

Next month you will be able to fill up with 100-octane petrol. Shell-Mex and B.P. are making this new grade of fuel available for use in cars with engines of high compression ratio. At the time of writing they would not say how much extra it will cost but hinted that the price will be "appreciably higher."

The new 100-octane petrol will be known as Super Shell and B.P. Super Plus. The publicity experts in this big oil group must surely be getting a trifle worried about the danger of running out of superlatives if their technicians continue bringing out new grades of fuel!

If you have decided to drive by night to your holiday destination in Britain this summer, to avoid traffic congestion, you should get hold of a copy of the Automobile Association's revised booklet descriptively entitled *Garages and Filling Stations Open Always or Until Midnight*. It is available free to all A.A. members and contains a list of 566 all-night garages, plus nearly 200 which remain open until midnight. They are scattered over sixty-nine counties in England, Wales and Scotland.

With the opening of the A.A.'s new radio station in Leicester an area of 34,000 square miles of Britain is now covered by what Fanum House is pleased to call its "radio umbrella." The Leicester transmitter, which covers 2,000 square miles, links the Midlands coverage already provided by the Birmingham, Nottingham and Cambridge centres.

A new range of British Motor Corporation light commercial vehicles includes a thirteen-seater which in its Austin version is called an "Omnicoach" and which is to be known as a Light Minibus when it bears the Nuffield crest. It has a 4-cylinder, 1½-litre engine (placed well back, under the front seats), three doors (one each side and another at the back) and costs £625. There is no purchase tax.

A new German light-weight car now on sale in Britain is the Goggomobil, a four-wheel, four-seat, two-door, rear-engined saloon, which costs £505, including tax, and does 60 m.p.g. and 60 m.p.h. Makes you think!

Strange are the tricks car firms get up to nowadays for publicity. Mr. Ralph Sleigh, author and competitions driver, recently took an Austin A105 from London to Paris. "We had breakfast in London and lunch in Paris," said Mr. Sleigh. And before you have time to mutter "So what?" I hasten to explain that Mr. Sleigh was delivering the 5,000th post-war Austin to be sold in France.

Sounds a nice round figure, but don't let 's kid ourselves about this French market. The French Government won't let us sell many cars there, anyway. Five thousand Austins spread over ten years is 500 a year or only ten a week—in the whole of France. As more Austins have been sold in France since the war than any other British make, the rest haven't done too well, either.

Then we had Messrs. Bill Boddy and Ken Best charging up and down Bwylch-y-Groes all day long, from 5 a.m. till 11.30 p.m. in a 2 c.v. Citroen. They went up and down 100 times—a total of 305 miles at an average speed of 16½ m.p.h. and an average of 25½ miles to the gallon.

For it was almost all bottom-gear work up that 1½ miles of 1 in 7; with the exception of a stretch of 100 yards when the drivers (who were taking turns at the wheel) could change up into second gear.

With more and more motorists taking their cars to other countries and with car exports increasing all the time in a multiplicity of markets, the question of standardisation in many aspects of car design and equipment assumes a growing importance.

So it was with interest that I read of a recent London meeting attended by sixty delegates from fourteen countries at which uniformity in car lighting and signalling was discussed. It was a meeting of the Automobile Committee of the International Organisation for Standardisation—I.S.O. for short—which is recognised by the United Nations Organisation and which consists of the national Standards organisations of thirty-seven countries.

Among the British delegates was Mr. E. G. Grinham, deputy managing director of the Standard Motor Co. and chairman of the Standards and Technical Board of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

The meeting dealt with draft recommendations on rear lights, traffic indicators, headlamps, pass lamps, fog and parking lamps and reflectors.

Now that Radiomobile have announced a car radio costing only 20 gns., tax included, few motorists can honestly say they are without a wireless set in the family saloon simply because they cannot afford it. Smiths, makers of the Radiomobile range, claim the new model—which is known as the 20X—to be "the best value on the market to-day" and the world's smallest car radio receiver.

For one reason and another British motorists are not addicted to car radio in the way that drivers are in a number of other countries. In Germany the percentage of cars fitted with radio is twice that in Britain. In the U.S. the figure is five times as great.

June 12 was a big day in the history of British roads. It saw the formal inauguration by Mr. Hugh Molson, Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation, of Britain's first stretch of motor road. It is the eight-miles-long Preston by-pass, which will be reserved exclusively for motor traffic. The Preston by-pass will cost £3,000,000 and will take two years to complete.

MAKING A ROAD SAFER: Work is in progress on the removal of a danger spot on the A40 London-Gloucester trunk road at Puesdown (between Northleach and Cheltenham). The brow of a slight hill (the scene of many head-on collisions) is being cut away as it obscured the vision of overtaking cars.

This new road, with twin carriageways, each 24 ft. wide, will eventually form part of the Birmingham-Shap motor road, from which pedestrians, cyclists and horse-drawn traffic will be barred. At present it often takes up to 90 minutes to travel along the existing road through Bamber Bridge, Walton-le-Dale, Preston and Fulwood. It is estimated that it will take only 10 to 15 minutes to drive along the new eight-miles-long by-pass at a reasonable speed.

In his speech at the inaugural ceremony Mr. Molson reviewed the Government's road improvement programme. While it is far from adequate, things seem to be moving at last. Mr. Molson said that in the present financial year £34,000,000 worth of new construction will probably be authorised.

The corresponding figure for 1955–56 was £28,000,000; for 1954–55 £19,000,000; and for 1953–54 £6,000,000. Last year work actually began on 1,100 improvement schemes on trunk and classified roads in Britain. They include Conway New Bridge, the Markyate by-pass, in Hertfordshire, the east approach road to Swansea and South Wales and the Cromwell Road extension in London.

A GERMAN LIGHTWEIGHT CAR ON SALE IN BRITAIN: It is the Goggomobil, a small, four-wheel, four-seat, two-door, rear-engined saloon, which costs £505, including tax. The car has an overall length of 9 ft. 6 ins. and a height of 4 ft. 3½ ins. The maximum speed of the Goggomobil is 60 m.p.h. and it does 60 m.p.g.

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NEW SHAPES ON THE RACING CIRCUITS

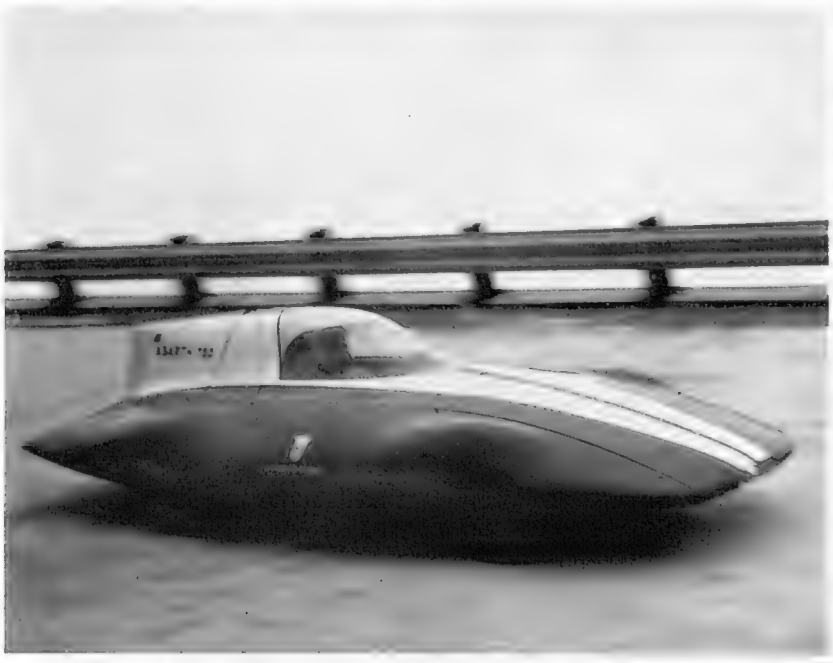
The Renault "Shooting Star"; Bugatti Returns to Racing; a Record-breaking Fiat; Mobilgas Winner

Below—

AN UNUSUAL RENAULT: The Renault "Shooting Star" on the track at Monthléry, near Paris. This experimental racing car is powered by a gas turbine that runs on kerosene, and has neither gear-box nor clutch. The Renault concern is owned by the State, but the car's engine is made by Turbomeca, the French jet aircraft engine manufacturers. It develops a maximum power of 270 b.h.p. at 28,000 r.p.m. "L'Etoile Filante"'s body is made of plastic, and the whole car weighs only 1,900 lb. It is 14½ ft. long. The cockpit is so small that the steering wheel must be removed before the driver can get in or out. It is hoped that "Shooting Star" will reach a maximum speed of 300 k.p.h. (186.4 m.p.h.).

AN ODD-SHAPED GAS TURBINE CAR: The Renault "Shooting Star" flashes past the grandstand at Monthléry. It is thought to be capable of nearly 200 m.p.h., but track conditions during its demonstration run limited its maximum speed to 130 m.p.h. The new fins act as stabilisers.

BUGATTI RETURNS TO GRAND PRIX RACING THIS YEAR: The new Bugatti racing car is seen practising at speed on the Grand Prix course at Rheims. The driver is Maurice Trintignant. The car is entered in the French Grand Prix to be held on this circuit on July 1. Its trials have been run secretly, but it is known to have set up lap speeds of over 110 m.p.h. The squat lines of the car are totally different from those of the beautiful Grand Prix Bugattis of the last generation, which with Delage dominated racing in the late '20's, and up to about 1930. The new model is the first Bugatti racer to appear since before the war.



NOT THE FAMILIAR MODEL: Two new world records in Class "H," for cars with an engine capacity of between 500 and 750 cc., have been set up by what is basically a Fiat 600 car. The very special type used is shown at high speed on the Monza track, Italy. A special closed single-seater aerodynamic body was used for the record attempts, with an engine modified by the famous Italian tuner, Abarth. In 24 hours the Fiat covered 3,743 km. at an average speed of over 97 m.p.h. It also covered 3,000 km. at almost 100 m.p.h. Several drivers were employed during the runs.

THE WINNING CAR AT THE START: The 1956 Mobilgas Economy Run was won by this Austin A90 Westminster. Standing beside their car at the start at Phyllis Court, Henley-on-Thames, are (on left), Mr. H. G. W. Kendrick and (on right) his co-driver, Miss P. L. Wright. The Austin returned a fuel consumption of 29.74 miles per gallon. Special apparatus was used for measuring fuel consumption, and no "freak" methods of driving were allowed. 640 miles had to be covered mostly at an average speed of 30 m.p.h. The event was held under the supervision of the Royal Automobile Club.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CRICKET, PEOPLE AND NOVELS

Last Year's Test Matches; Autobiography and Biography; and other New Books for Summer Reading

CRICKET, entertainment, science, the business of war and the business of exploration are the subjects of this week's first reviews; some of them timely and some of them of perpetual interest. Mr. Louis Duffus, who is sports editor of a Johannesburg paper, has written about last year's Test Matches against those fine South African players who took two matches off us and came appreciably close to winning the rubber in a series in which, for the first time in history, all matches were played to a finish. It was wonderful cricket and it is admirably recounted by Mr. Duffus in SPRINGBOK GLORY (Longmans. 16s.).

Mr. Jack Train is one of the bright lights of the radio feature, *Twenty Questions*, in which his quickness of mind and of repartee is such that even his puns are forgiven him. He has been an actor since his boyhood days in Plymouth when he joined the Royal Navy as a Boy Artificer and appeared for the first time on the stage in H.M.S. *Indus*. Since then he has become an extremely popular B.B.C. performer, first known to many of us as the sepulchral voice of Funf in ITMA and later as that Colonel Chinstrap who would never refuse a drink. UP AND DOWN THE LINE (Odhams. 15s.) is his autobiography and it reveals not only a man who is the "good trouper" of tradition, but a friendly, courageous soul who has taken a good many hard knocks with a likable and characteristic resilience.

A CHELSEA CHRONICLER: Richard Edmonds, for seven years Assistant Editor of *The Sphere*, is the author of *Chelsea from the Five Fields to the World's End* (Phene Press. 12s. 6d.). The illustrations are by Dennis Flanders. Mr. Edmonds tells the story of Chelsea, where he has lived for nearly twenty-seven years, from the days when Sir Thomas More made the village a fashionable resort to the present day, when the nineteenth-century Bohemian atmosphere is disappearing.

ROBERT HOOKE (Heinemann. 21s.) is the biography of the first man to be appointed Curator of Experiments to the newly formed Royal Society in 1662, from which time he spent forty years in far-ranging and immensely ingenious researches. Mrs. Margaret 'Espinasse writes about him with scholarly calm, but her understandable enthusiasm for her subject has given the study a colour and vitality which are appropriate to a man of such endless inventiveness and, it seems, warm humanity.

THE MOUCHOTTE DIARIES (Staples. 15s.), which reveal the personality and the fighting spirit of one of the great Free French leaders of the air during the war, cover only the period from 1940 to 1943 for obvious and tragic reasons. In 1940 Rene Mouchotte made his risky escape from Oran in an almost unserviceable plane, later to fly with the R.A.F. in Spitfires and Hurricanes in the Battle of Britain. He continued to fly for three years after that until, in the words of one of his French colleagues, he was no more than "a frail envelope sustained by a sublime will to fight." He was shot down at the head of his squadron in the late summer of 1943 and left these diaries, which have been translated by Mr. Philip John Stead and edited by M. André Dezarrois.

Mr. Michael Alexander was, some time ago, a co-author of a book of war experiences. More recently he had a different idea which was to plan an adventure, get literary agents, publishers and editors lined up and expectant, and then go to North Africa to have the adventure for the account of which he had contracted. THE RELUCTANT LEGIONNAIRE (Hart-Davis. 16s.) is the result; a candid, sometimes irritating and sometimes attractive story about his endeavours to rescue a friend who had joined the Foreign Legion and then thought better of it.

The United States of America is an enormous region. Nevertheless, every once in a while, there are Americans who explore other lands and when they do are apt to be equipped with great physical energy and curiosity —like every other explorer —and with an extraordinary innocence as well. That, in any case, is the way it seems to readers of their travel books, of which a good example is THE TRAIL OF MARCO POLO (Muller. 16s.). This is Mrs. Jean Bowie Shor's account of a journey undertaken by her husband and herself from Venice to Pekin, a route which, in its latter part, coincided with that of a traveller seven centuries before. Presumably the Shors like travelling the hard way with all its dangers and painful discomforts and they like writing about it.

"A BOOK OF WILD FLOWERS": This drawing of Pheasant's Eye (*Narcissus poeticus*) is among 160 colour-plates, with full descriptions, that make up *A Book of Wild Flowers*, published by Bruno Cassirer at 35s.

It should be enough, since this is a country with a reverence for tradition, that Sir Compton Mackenzie continues to give his public a novel from time to time. His latest novel, THIN ICE (Chatto and Windus. 13s. 6d.), is as distinguished, lively and provocative a piece of work as he might have written almost a generation ago. It is extraordinary that a novelist's gifts should continue so brilliantly, with such a strong sense of the contemporary scene through forty-odd years.

THE COST OF LIVING (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) is another novel about English and, particularly, London life by Miss Kathleen Farrell, strongly recommended to those who believe women may be as witty in writing as in life and that the acutest observation may not necessarily be malicious. The girls in this story are Hampstead-based, intelligent and in varying ways attractive.

Mr. Leslie Heward's novel, NO FAULT IN WOMEN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), is written in an emotional key a little too high for me to follow, although I can appreciate the underlying theme of goodness of heart and self-abnegation that runs through it as a *leit-motiv*. However one reacts to his rather strident style, it is essential to say that the author has a real feeling for his characters and, more important, for the telling of a story.

Mr. Hugo Charteris has as keen an eye and an ear for satire as the next man, and keener than most as a writer. His MARCHING WITH APRIL (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a young publisher, "fresh from the psychiatric couch," who inherits an estate in Scotland, goes north with the confirmed intention of selling it and there becomes embroiled in local land politics.

Two volumes of short stories are on this week's list and the first of these is by Mr. V. S. Pritchett and contains thirty-seven of his collected stories. COLLECTED STORIES (Chatto and Windus. 20s.) is a volume which shows this writer in many moods but on a sustained level of performance; ironic, subtle, fantastic or inquiring into the foibles of the oddest and yet the most credible of human characters, from the sailor lost in Euston Road to the philosophical barber in a country town.

THE LISTENING CHILD (James Barrie. 13s. 6d.) is an assembly of three short novels, by Miss Rosemary Timperley who has a good deal of talent and an unhappy obsession with miserable or terrified children. Critically, these stories have much to recommend them; in other ways they are haunting.

The next two novels are about Hungary and Italy although only the first (and the best) is seen through the eyes of a writer from one of those countries. THE MERMAIDS (Hart-Davis. 13s. 6d.) is an odd little tale, beautifully observed and tenderly told, by Eva Boros, about a love affair in and around a sanatorium near Budapest. Unpromising as the subject might sound, this is a little work of art and miraculously un-morbid.

THE FIVE FATHERS OF PEPI (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a warm-hearted tale by Ira Avery, concerned with a little boy orphan who is adopted by five men in an Italian coast town. Each of them contributes not only to the child's happiness but to an extremely readable book.

THREE SUPERB PICTURE BOOKS

THE HERITAGE OF ENGLAND IN COLOUR (Batsford. 16s.), *is a collection of colour photographs by A. F. Kersting with notes by John Bledlow, of Britain's historic buildings and monuments.*

THE AZORES (Harrap. 30s.), *by Claude Dervenn, with over 100 photographs, provides a full description of these Atlantic islands.*

A PORTRAIT OF SOUTHERN AFRICA (Collins. 25s.), *by Hanns Reich, is a record of Africa from the Cape to the Zambezi.*

CYPRUS CONSPIRACY

An Assessment of the Problem

The true tragedy of Cyprus, beyond doubt one of the greatest tragedies enacted in modern times in the Mediterranean world, is that during the long years when goodwill flourished even amid the demands for Enosis, nothing was done to provide a solution to the problem. Percy Arnold, a former editor of the *Cyprus Post*, and between 1942 and 1945 one of the few British residents outside Government service, reveals the extent of our missed opportunity in his new volume CYPRUS CHALLENGE (Hogarth Press. 21s.). This is a serious, thoughtful and extremely valuable analysis. Mr. Arnold's criticism never descends to bitter generalisations, but it is often closely reasoned and forceful, as witness his comments on the junta of three who in the '40's exercised dictatorial control over a population of 450,000, making their edicts euphemistically called laws, in a language other than that of the people who had to obey them. With this set-up, argues Mr. Arnold, Cyprus could never have become a willing member of the British Commonwealth. One of the great virtues of Mr. Arnold's book is the special attention it gives to the detail of local government, the situation of trade unions, and many other matters which have not been aired in the Press while controversy has raged on the highest level both in London and Nicosia.

Here is a novel of life in the Eastern Mediterranean. It is the story of the men and women of Kalymnos, a rocky island in the Ægean ten miles long by five miles wide, famed for its sponge divers; now facing unhappy odds with the advent of the synthetic sponge. Charmian Clift and George Johnston, two Australian writers who have made their home on Kalymnos, have combined to write a delightful story of the island scene. THE SPONGE DIVERS (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is truly a notable piece of work, with its close observation of character and its vivid portrayal of everyday life among the fisherfolk. This is the third novel Charmian Clift and George Johnston have written together, and it is undoubtedly their best. They first received public acclaim in 1947, when *High Valley* won the *Sydney Morning Herald's* £2,000 prize for the best Australian novel of the year.

Anthony Rhode's travel books are winning him a high reputation. He is often witty, sometimes mischievous, occasionally ribald, and always entertaining. WHERE THE TURK TROD (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) is the record of a summer's journey through the Muslim provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Here, in this strange and little-known corner of Europe, the Turkish way of life has survived in the dress, the customs, and the religion of the people. *Where the Turk Trod* will lure many travellers to forsake the familiar pleasures of the Dalmatian coast and take the precipitous Balkan railway over the mountains into the Ottoman past of Eastern Europe.

The special mission of Victor Von Hagen, Director of the Inca Highway Expedition, was to trace, measure and record the Inca high roads built five centuries ago, which traverse the length and breadth of Peru. He has now set down his personal record of this gigantic and adventurous piece of research. HIGHWAY OF THE SUN (Gollancz. 18s.) must surely be one of the most interesting works in the contemporary archæological field published for many a day. It has something of the quality and the mystery of the *Kon-Tiki* adventure. The expedition set out in December, 1952, and spent two years in some of the wildest country in the Americas. To find the course of these ancient Royal roads, was like following the spoor of a gigantic prehistoric beast. In the final analysis literary research, maps, and aerial photographs played only a small part in this monster tracking enterprise, which took the explorers to icy plains 15,000 ft. above sea-level and down into gorges where it seemed at first that no road could go.

The most famous zoo in the world, the parent of all zoos, forms the subject of an excellent new biography, by Philip Street, the distinguished zoologist. THE LONDON ZOO (Odhams. 16s.) not only deals with the history of a famous institution, but much emphasis is laid on its remarkable inhabitants, past and present. Mr. Street dwells with particular interest on the special problems of animals in captivity.

Latest addition to the "World in Colour" Series is GERMANY (McGraw Hill. 30s.). From the Bodensee to the Baltic, from the Black Forest to East Prussia the land is spread out before us in the colourful fashion which this series has taught us to appreciate. Emphasis on literature and music give this volume a special interest and value.

Dior's advice on stockings

DIOR says that stockings, however fine they are, give a definite tint to the legs—so they must blend *exactly* with the colour of your dress. Choosing the correct shade is easy if you follow Dior's own advice: in his Colour Guide the beautiful shades he has created—there's a new one for Spring—are shown side by side with the latest fashion colours.

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A MOBILE MAP-PRODUCING UNIT

An Experiment Now being Made by the School of Military Survey

A DARK-ROOM ON WHEELS: Men of the School of Military Survey are at work in the dark-room of the mobile map-producing unit which has been designed by the Ministry of Supply for the production, under operational conditions, of two-colour field maps of a type and size acceptable to N.A.T.O. standards. There are five vehicles in the mobile unit, and except for individual requirements each vehicle is 44 ft. long. The sides of some of them can be expanded 8 ft. to an overall width of 15 ft. They are self-supporting with generators and water tanks, and they are all air-conditioned.

AT WORK ON A MAP: A litho draughtsman and photo writer is seen touching up a detail negative prior to the printing.

On right—

THE SECTIONS OF THE MOBILE UNIT: The five vehicles are seen with one of the lorry tractors. From left they are the dark-room; camera unit; litho-drawing unit; photography plate graining unit and printing unit.

PREPARING A MAP FOR THE LITHO-PROCESS CAMERA: It is being placed in position in a vacuum copy-holder. When the holder is closed the map is held flat by vacuum.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

YOU CAN SLEEP IN THE COUNTRY. There are times when all hotel accommodation in London seems to be fully booked—or so it appears after fruitless letters and telephone calls. There are also hot summer nights when it is more pleasant to sleep in the country. So, for the guidance of those who write to me on this problem of where to stay when they come to London, I have compiled a list of hotels and inns, personally known to me, within approximately a 25-mile radius. All can be reached in about 30–45 minutes by road or rail. For easy reference I have listed them in alphabetical order, and in each case given number of bedrooms, telephone number and an indication of bed-and-breakfast prices for a single room.

ASCOT, Berkshire: *The Berystede Hotel.* Tel.: 888. 40 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. This hotel offers a position of complete seclusion, a little to the west of the London–Southampton road.

BOX HILL, Surrey: *Burford Bridge Hotel* (a Trust House). Tel.: Dorking 4561 13 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. A charmingly-positioned hotel at the foot of Box Hill and just off the London–Dorking road.

BUCKHURST HILL, Essex: *The Roebuck* (a Trust House). Tel.: 1620. 10 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. 6d. Only ten miles from London, the hotel stands at the highest point in Epping Forest.

CHIPPERFIELD, Hertfordshire: *Two Brewers Inn* (another Trust House). Tel.: King's Langley 240811. 11 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. This charming inn stands 430 ft. high, overlooking common and pine woods. Station at King's Langley, three miles, or London Transport bus passes the door.

DORKING, Surrey: *Star and Garter* (Catering Houses Ltd.). Tel.: 282011. 11 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. 6d. By London–Dorking road, and a minute's walk from Dorking North Station.

DORKING, Surrey: *White Horse* (a Trust House). Tel.: 2543. 21 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. 6d. A charming inn with a history dating back to 1500. Situated in Dorking High Street. On Green Line coach route to London or station three-quarters of a mile.

GERRARDS CROSS, Buckinghamshire: *The Bull.* Tel.: 2005. 50 bedrooms. B. and B. from 30s. Nearly 300 years old. Only 19 miles from Marble Arch and close to London Airport.

GRAVESEND, Kent: *Royal Clarendon Hotel.* Tel.: 5471. 31 bedrooms. B. and B. from 24s. Delightfully positioned overlooking the Thames, with a constant vista of ocean-going traffic. Catering is of a high order here. One of the few hotels in the country awarded a rosette by the A.A. for exceptional fare. Close to car ferry across to Tilbury.

HAMPTON COURT, Middlesex: *The Mitre.* Tel.: Molesey 1339. 12 bedrooms. B. and B. from 25s. Very properly this famous inn also has an A.A. rosette. Indeed, it is best known for its catering. Yet if you are fortunate enough to get a room here you will be well cared for and are likely to be impressed, as we were, with the shining cleanliness.

HATFIELD, Hertfordshire: *The Comet* (a Benskins House). Tel.: 2579. 10 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. This model hotel lies back off the present A.1 road to the north. Mostly known for its restaurant.

HATFIELD, Hertfordshire: *Salisbury Hotel.* Tel.: 2220. 21 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. 6d. Step inside and you will get a pleasant surprise, so comely is this hotel. Close to Hatfield Station and the gates of Hatfield House. Unlicensed, but there is a "local" within a few yards.

HENDON, Middlesex: *Hendon Hall Hotel.* Tel.: Sunnyhill 3341-4. 64 bedrooms. B. and B. from 25s. 6d. Some may consider this hotel, once the home of David Garrick, as in London, for it is but half an hour from Piccadilly Circus. Yet staying there is as good as being in the country. Mr. E. Victor, resident managing director, is a catering wizard.

LEATHERHEAD, Surrey: *The New Bull* (Catering Houses Ltd.). Tel.: 215311. 9 bedrooms. B. and B. from 20s. Stands back off the main road, through the town, London–Dorking, and within a few minutes' walk of Leatherhead Station. A modern hotel with a pleasant garden.

OXTED, Surrey: *Hoskins Arms* (Catering Houses Ltd.). Tel.: 11. 18 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. Very convenient for Oxted Station. Recently redecorated below-stairs. Stands at the foot of Titsey Hill and has a pleasant garden.

RADLETT, Hertfordshire: *Red Lion* (a Trust House). Tel.: 669811. 6 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. Radlett Station 100 yards and on Green Line bus route to London.

RICHMOND, Surrey: *Morshead Hotel.* Tel.: 4676. 31 bedrooms. B. and B. from 25s. Wonderfully located at the top of Richmond Hill and within half a minute's walk of Richmond Park. London can be reached in 14 minutes from Richmond Station. Unlicensed, but there are two well-known "locals" within a gentle stroll.

NEAR ST. ALBANS, Hertfordshire: *The Noke.* Tel.: 5943. Formerly 8 bedrooms, but recently a new wing has been added giving some 12–16. The hotel is now fully licensed. Catering of a high standard. Situated at the junction of the Watford By-pass and the Watford–St. Albans road.

SEVENOAKS, Kent: *Park Hill Hotel.* Tel.: 3708. 12 bedrooms. B. and B. from 18s. 6d. A once-family residence of the Edwardian period, quietly situated in Brittains Lane. Good food and a friendly environment. Unlicensed, but visitors in transit can become temporary members of the "Eighth Oak" Club bar by applying in advance.

SHEPPERTON-ON-THAMES, Middlesex: *The Anchor.* Tel.: Walton-on-Thames 1618. 4 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. I have not stayed here, so can only write of the catering, which is well known for its excellence.

SUNNINGDALE, Berkshire: *Sunningdale Hotel* (a Simonds House). Tel.: Ascot 208. 10 bedrooms. B. and B. from 20s. Close to Sunningdale Station with electric train service to London. A very nicely-appointed hotel with excellent catering and a lovely garden.

WALTON-ON-THAMES, Surrey: *Ashley Park Hotel* (Catering Houses Ltd.). Tel.: 196. 12 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. Close to Walton Station with frequent trains to Waterloo, this hotel is well up to the standards of this group.

WEYBRIDGE, Surrey: *Oatlands Park Hotel.* Tel.: 4242. 150 bedrooms. B. and B. from 25s. An hotel bus connects with certain trains, morning and evening, from Walton-on-Thames Station. It is possible to reach Waterloo in half an hour from the hotel front door. With extensive grounds providing a sporting 18-hole golf-course, swimming-pool, squash and tennis courts, *Oatlands Park* is probably the best-known residential hotel within such easy reach of London. Unlicensed, but wines can be ordered and paid for in advance from the head waiter, or brought in without corkage.

WOKING, Surrey: *The Wheatsheaf* (Catering Houses Ltd.). Tel.: 2587. 12 bedrooms. B. and B. from 20s. This small hotel faces Horsell Common, ten minutes' walk from Woking Station. It has always had a high reputation for the excellence of its catering; may it long continue.

Those who are prepared to extend the perimeter around London to, say, 30 miles or a little over the hour by road or rail should note:

NEAR GUILDFORD, Surrey: *Bramley Grange Hotel.* Tel.: Bramley 2295. 40 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. The entrance gates lead on to the Guildford–Horsham road, and London can be reached within the hour by road or rail. Beautiful grounds are a most attractive feature.

HAYWARDS HEATH, Sussex: *The Birch Hotel.* Tel.: 670. 20 bedrooms. B. and B. from 25s. Forty miles from London and served by an extraordinarily frequent, fast and comfortable electric train service. Delightful country-house atmosphere. Situated on the Haywards Heath–Chailey–Lewes road. Catering exceptionally good.

HITCHIN, Hertfordshire: *The Sun Hotel.* Tel.: 2092. 27 bedrooms. B. and B. from 19s. 6d. An old coaching house redesigned not only to attract the traveller in search of a comfortable night's rest but lovers of the gastronomic arts.

STEVENAGE, Hertfordshire: *Cromwell Hotel.* Tel.: 42. 19 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. A very first-class hotel on the Great North Road where, within reason, one can get a meal at any time.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Kent: *The Spa Hotel.* Tel.: 20331. 80 bedrooms. B. and B. from 21s. A spacious hotel with 30 acres of grounds, including a 9-hole golf-course, croquet, putting.

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
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HYTHE, Kent. HOTEL IMPERIAL
Always open, always inviting, this first-class hotel caters for holidays, conferences and G.B. motorists. Special attractions are: Own Golf Links, bedrooms with full sea or garden aspect, private bathrooms, ballroom, billiards. Tel.: 67441.

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in Britain's farthest south, a delightful spot for holidays. An unparalleled position, facing sands and sea. We provide first-class food and service for the discriminating. Nightly dinner dances. Cocktail lounge.

LEOMINSTER. THE TALBOT HOTEL
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LLANDUDNO, N. Wales. ST. GEORGES HOTEL
first on the front for cuisine, service and entertainment. Come this year to share the sea and scenery with us! Enjoy our excellent cuisine, ballroom and cocktail lounge. Free Golf. Write F. Perl. Tel.: 7873.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Sunnyhill 3341-4.

LONDON, S.W.7. QUEENSBERRY COURT HOTEL
where Ashley Courtenay often stays. Central. (2 mins. from South Kensington Underground and bus stop.) 41 bedrooms and some private bathrooms and showers. Fully licensed. Noted for good food. Tel.: KEN 3693. Under same direction as Royal Clarendon Hotel, Gravesend.

NINFIELD, Sussex. MOOR HALL HOTEL
(Cooden Beach 4 miles), has the Country House atmosphere you may be seeking. Riding stables. Saturday Dances. Hard Tennis Court, Golf, Cocktail Bar, and always someone genial to meet. Tel.: Ninfield 330.

SALCOMBE, S. Devon. TIDES REACH HOTEL
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ST. IVES, CORNWALL. ST. IVES BAY HOTEL
unrivalled position overlooking sea and sands. 52 bedrooms (some private bathrooms). Excellent cuisine. Dancing twice weekly. Tennis courts. Service garage. Licensed. Open end April to October. Write for brochure, or Tel.: 106.

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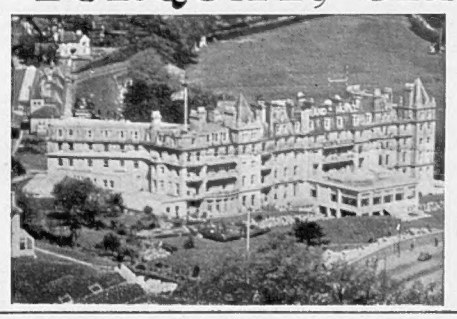

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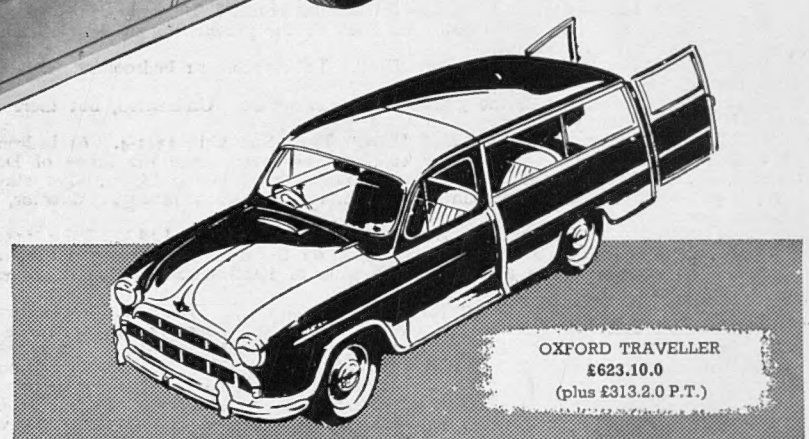

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